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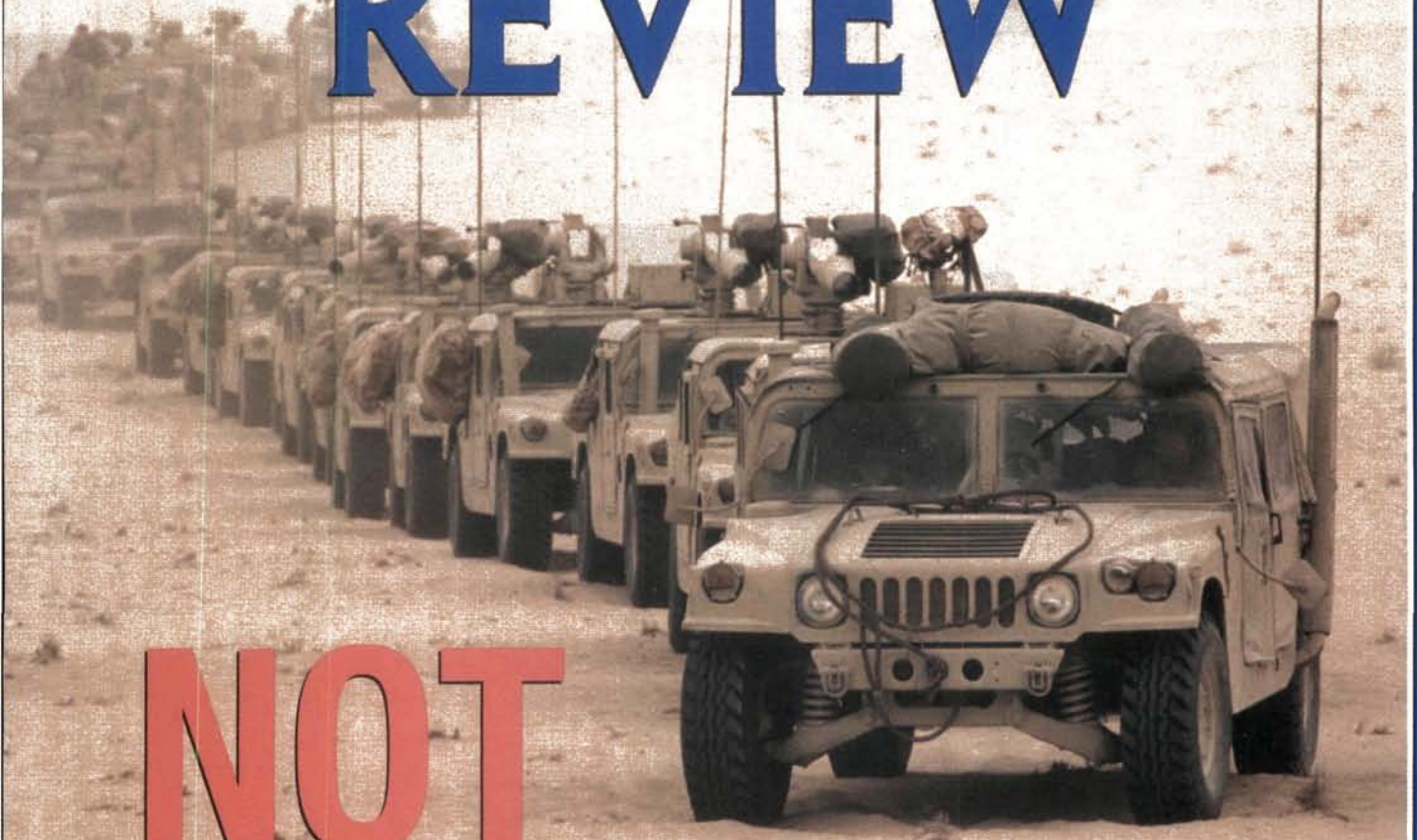
TO AFRICA

JAY NORDLINGER ON GLOBAL-WARMING FEVER

NATIONAL REVIEW



NOT ENOUGH

Why the miltary needs more of everything BY JIM TALENT

PLUS: *Richard Lowry on Barack Obama*
Roger Kimball on Dinesh D'Souza
John Derbyshire on Brave New World *at 75*

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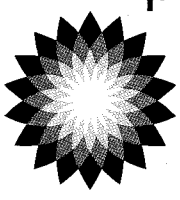

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MARCH 5, 2007 VOL. LIX, NO. 3

NATIONAL REVIEW

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■ COVER STORY

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America is the defender of freedom in the world and therefore always a prime target for those who hate freedom. The progress of the international order toward peace and democracy depends on American power; and while the basket of Western foreign policy contains many tools, what underpins them all is a U.S. military that the world knows is capable of defeating threats swiftly and effectively. Judged by this standard, the situation facing the U.S. military is grave. *By Jim Talent*

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March 5 issue; printed February 15

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letters to the editor

ACT CASUAL

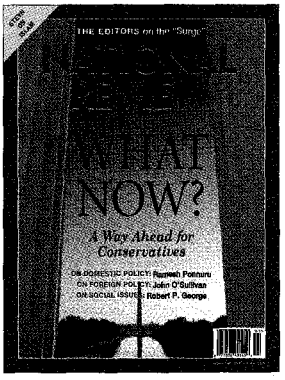
In a recent edition of The Week (Dec. 18, 2006), you bemoaned the possible negative effects of a male contraceptive pill "in this age of regrettably casual promiscuity." If we took our promiscuity a bit more seriously, would the pill have your endorsement?

Gregory Golm
Oreland, Pa.

SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL

John Derbyshire may be NATIONAL REVIEW's resident atheist, but he's crossed a certain Rubicon by capitalizing the personal pronoun "His" in referring to Satan ("Flow Ho Ho," Feb. 12). I don't know whether Anton LaVey and his Church of Satan ever went that far in honoring the Prince of Darkness. Better have an exorcist check old Derb out—you know, just to be on the safe side.

Peter Sturkiss
Stow, Ohio


THE EDITORS on the "Surge"
NOW?
A Way Ahead for Conservatives
ON DOMESTIC POLICY: Ramesh Ponnuru
ON FOREIGN POLICY: John O'Sullivan
ON SOCIAL ISSUES: Robert P. George

ALL IN GOOD TIME

Though I agree with Ramesh Ponnuru's incisive take in many of its particulars ("The Home Front," Feb. 12), the sad truth is that the conservative resurgence is mostly out of our hands. Only when liberal government becomes intolerable to Americans—as it surely will—will people look to us for change again. For the moment, Americans are with the liberals on Iraq, on health care, on the environment—on almost everything. It's 1974 all over again, and it will take another catastrophe like Jimmy Carter to remind people what it means to have liberals in power.

Ken Howes
Oak Lawn, Ill.

CHILD'S PLAY

In "The Home Front," Ramesh Ponnuru avers that our tax system benefits the childless at the expense of their more fecund countrymen. Yet as the average age of first-time parents goes up, the higher taxes Ponnuru suggests aiming at "affluent childless people" could very well affect and afflict those who are simply starting late. This would expose them to the very vicious cycle he decries: young people "having smaller families so that they can pay taxes to make up for the fact that [they] have smaller families." Though it might coerce some couples to become parents at an earlier age—hardly an agreeable solution and certainly not the role of government—it could just as easily make others put off forever what they had simply hoped to do in the years to come.

Stephan Marks
New York, N.Y.

RAMESH PONNURU RESPONDS: Stephan Marks believes that raising taxes on the childless, and cutting taxes on parents, will cause people to be less inclined to have kids. I'm skeptical. The proposal is not designed to "coerce," or even encourage, anyone to have kids; it is designed to offset the government's bias against child-rearing and thus make the government neutral with respect to people's familial decisions.

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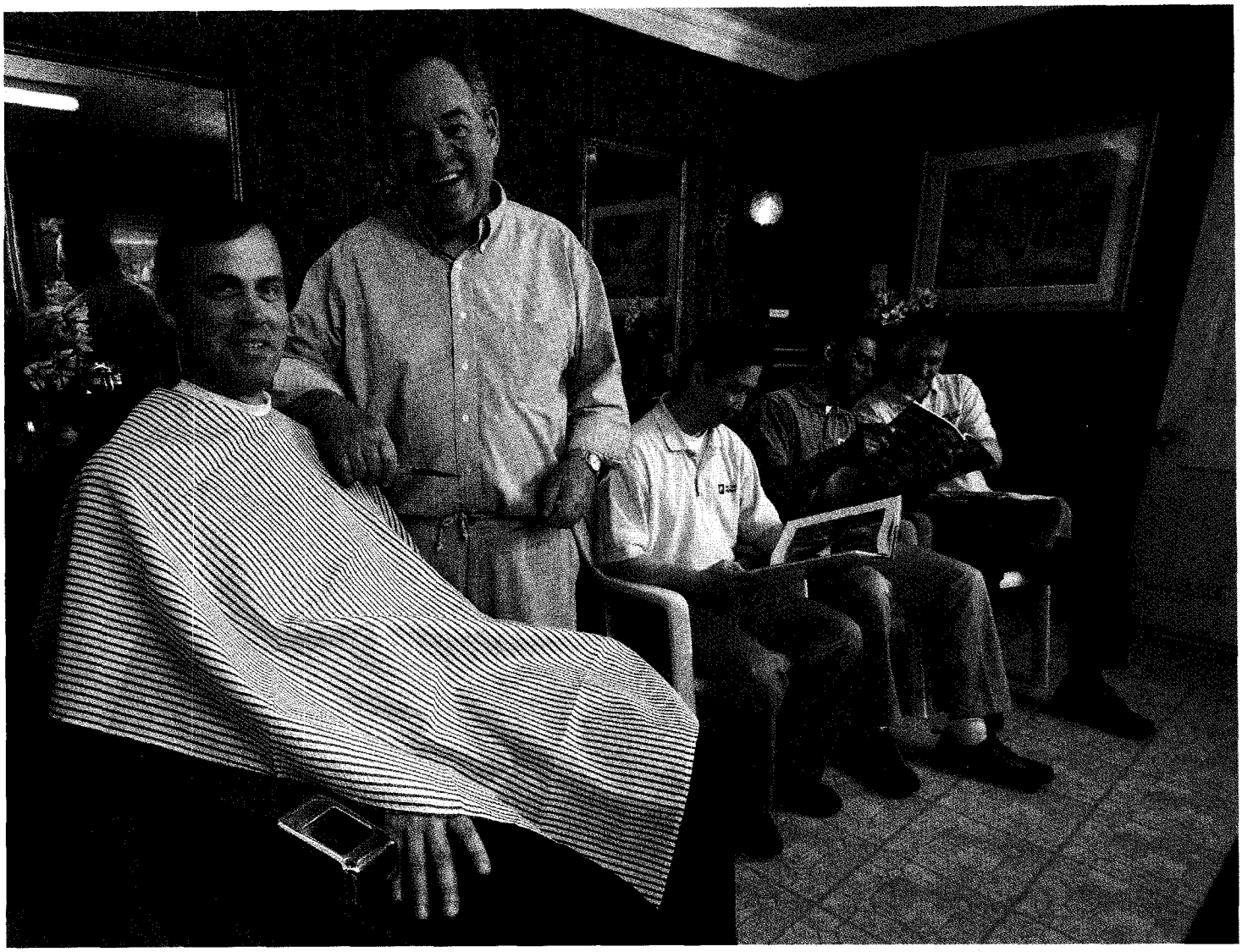

This barber knows his cutting-edge automotive technology

I'm Henry Besanceney, the only barber in Honeoye Falls, a small town in upstate New York. When you have GM's top scientists in your chair like I do, you get to know a lot about the newest cutting edge technologies. A whole lot. I've learned they're engineering the first drivable hydrogen fuel cell by-wire powertrains. It's an innovation that will outperform today's engines on cost, power and durability. The only thing missing is the pollutants. That's because the only emission the fuel cells produce is pure, clean water vapor. Now that's refreshing!

They say GM is also employing other renewable fuel technologies in their vehicles, like E-85 ethanol made from corn. You'd have to talk to a barber in Nebraska about that one.

Henry A. Besanceney

Henry Besanceney

Only GM

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THE WEEK

■ Barack Obama is complaining that the press doesn't take him seriously enough. Just this once, we're going to side with the media.

See page 10.

■ Like a lot of battle plans, Senate majority leader Harry Reid's didn't survive contact with the enemy. He wanted his troops to inflict damage on President Bush by voting for a resolution against the surge. That would have been an easy vote for Democrats, since the surge polls poorly. But Senate minority leader Mitch McConnell's forces outmaneuvered Reid. McConnell insisted that Republicans be allowed to offer their own resolution: one opposing any cutoff of funds to our troops already there. That resolution would have divided Democrats. Some of them want to cut off funds, some of them want to wait until the idea becomes more popular, some of them want no responsibility for our foreign policy, and some of them oppose a cutoff. Democrats in that second camp were especially worried, since voting for the resolution today would tie their hands tomorrow. Reid had to cancel a vote for his resolution in order to block the Republicans. But he still has trouble on his left flank. Speaker Nancy Pelosi has forthrightly explained that an anti-surge resolution in the House is the first step toward possibly cutting off funds. Senator Reid ran from Senate Republicans, but he won't be able to hide from House Democrats.

■ When it was reported that Speaker Pelosi had requested a military plane big enough to fly her and her entourage coast to coast nonstop, Republicans delightedly pounced on a scandalous "Air Pelosi" story. The plane she purportedly requested can accommodate 45 passengers, with a crew of 16 and an hourly cost of $22,000. Although the large, lavish jet was nixed, the Pentagon has appropriately agreed to provide transportation for Pelosi as it did for her Republican predecessor—but that hasn't stopped her from engaging in a flight of paranoia. She suggested that someone, perhaps former defense secretary Donald Rumsfeld, had ginned up the controversy as payback for her anti-war views. She also alleged discrimination against the first female House Speaker. It was Rep. Jack Murtha, chairman of the House committee on defense spending, who actually wielded the purse: He said that the Pentagon would regret leaking information about the Speaker's request to the press "since she decides on the allocations for the Department of Defense." Some people get upset when they're denied an upgrade.

■ Sen. Hillary Clinton said that the record profits of "the oil companies" should be put in an alternative-energy fund. She is right about the record profits: ExxonMobil made $39.5 billion last year, more than any other company in history. But its profit came second to that of the government, which took $100.7 billion from the company (according to the Tax Foundation). Oil-profit taxes have a long record of discouraging exploration for new sources of oil, and thus keeping prices higher than they otherwise would be; and alternative energy sources that make economic sense don't need to attach themselves parasitically to successful industries. We're sure Senator Clinton has a lot of bright ideas, but too many of them seem to involve uses for other people's property.

■ *60 Minutes* correspondent Steve Kroft asked Sen. Barack Obama what he made of charges that he isn't "black enough." The Senator articulated *inter alia* that: "I . . . notice when I'm catching a cab, nobody's confused about that." In a later segment of the interview, Mrs. Obama joined her husband. Did she worry, as Alma Powell famously had, about some crazy person with a gun? Replied the lady: "I don't lose sleep over it because the realities are that, you know, as a black man, you know, Barack can get shot going to the gas station." Thus was revealed a depressing truth about race relations in our country today: Upper-middle-class black Americans (both the Obamas are Harvard Law School graduates) are just as susceptible to the poisonous myths of racial disadvantage and racial persecution as any ghetto dropout. It is probably otiose to point out that the most sensational recent shootings at gas stations were those carried out in October 2002 against a racially diverse assortment of victims by the "Beltway Snipers" John Allen Muhammad and Lee Boyd Malvo, both black.

■ "What if Mary had taken Plan B after the Lord filled her with his hot, white, sticky Holy Spirit?" What if, indeed? You won't get the answer in the Iowa caucuses, since Amanda Marcotte,

ROMAN GENN

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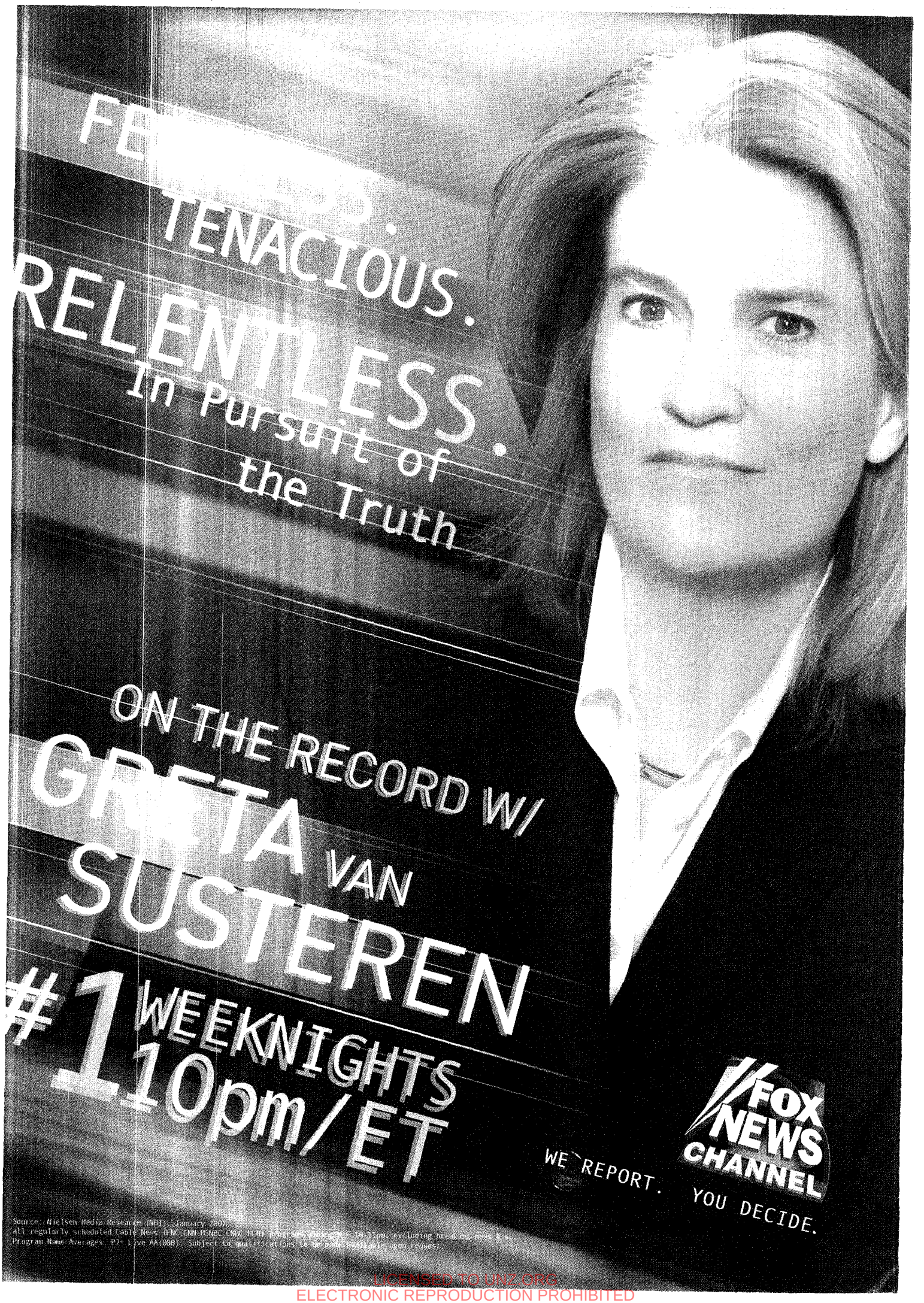

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THE WEEK...

who posted the question on her blog, no longer works for John Edwards. Edwards hired her to spearhead his Internet effort, then fired her when the conservative blogosphere discovered this and other anti-Catholic belches in her *oeuvre*. Then the liberal blogosphere rallied to their own, whereupon Marcotte was un-fired, Edwards releasing a statement saying that she would go and sin no more. Finally Marcotte did the needful, and resigned. While anti-religious rancor is not unprecedented in American politics (Robert Ingersoll, the 19th-century skeptic, was a noted orator for the GOP) is it too much to ask a future president to think before he hires, and fires—and re-hires, and re-fires?

■ Three and a half years after the explosion over the CIA leak controversy, we have the perjury and obstruction trial of Lewis Libby, Vice President Dick Cheney's former chief of staff. And what have we learned? Well, testimony has revealed that a number of top government officials were curious about just who sent former ambassador Joseph Wilson, the anti-Bush gadfly, on a mission to Niger to check out reports that Iraq had sought uranium there. We've learned that those officials thought the role that Wilson's wife, Valerie Plame Wilson, played in sending him on the trip was significant. We've learned that those officials told one another about Mrs. Wilson, and, on a few occasions, told reporters, too. We've learned that nobody involved knew that Mrs. Wilson's job status might (or might not) have been classified. And we've learned that nearly everybody involved has some significant gap in his memory of events and gave sometimes conflicting information to the grand jury. All of which leaves us just one question: Why is Lewis Libby on trial?

■ Most of the commentary on President Bush's proposed 2008 budget has portrayed it as a blowout. It is indeed big: $2.9 trillion, up a trillion from when Bush took office. Much of that

ROBYN BECK/AFP

A Tired Old Song

WHAT do Jimmy Carter and the Dixie Chicks have in common? They're southerners who've traded "up" on their southernness. They hit their best moments long ago, but have ridden positive press far beyond their natural shelf life. They think a lot of themselves. Good teeth. What else, what else . . . ? Oh, right—they're all 2007 Grammy winners!

Jimmy Carter won the Grammy for the Best Spoken Word Album of 2006, sharing the honor with actress Ruby Dee. Carter and Dee beat out nominees Al Franken and Bill Maher for this year's Grammy. Yet Carter isn't the first ex-president to win this cutthroat competition. Bill Clinton actually won two Grammys back to back in 2004 and 2005, the first for his memoirs, *My Life*, sharing the second with Mikhail Gorbachev in the coveted Best Spoken Word Album for Children category.

In 1997, Clinton's wife of record, Hillary, won a Grammy for reading aloud her book *It Takes a Village*; last year that honor went to Barack Obama for his memoirs. In 2004, Franken won for his book *Lying Liars*, and the year before that Maya Angelou won her third Grammy in the category. Other winners include Jesse Jackson and Garrison Keillor.

But let me stop you right there. Politics has *nothing* to do with the selection process. This was a straightforward judgment based solely on merit, damn it. So if you're listening, Ted Kennedy, you'd better bring your A-game if you hope to beat the likes of Rush Limbaugh!

Which brings me to the Greatest Band of All Time. The Dixie Chicks won five Grammys in the Stick It to the Fascists category, including for their Best Song, "Not Ready to Make Nice," a poignant reminder that the Chicks weren't going to be cowed by the war-lusting American public.

Recall that in 2003, on the eve of war, Natalie Maines, the middle one in most pictures, said in London that she was "ashamed" President Bush was from her native Texas. She quickly apologized, saying, "As a concerned American citizen, I apologize to President Bush because my remark was disrespectful." "I love my country," she continued. "I am a proud American." When this didn't improve sagging sales among the bloody jingoists who made them rich in the first place, the Chicks decided to appeal to a different audience. "The entire country may disagree with me," Maines told Britain's *Daily Telegraph*, "but I don't understand the necessity for patriotism." Through "gritted teeth" she asked, "Why do you have to be a patriot? . . . You can like where you live and like your life, but as for loving the whole country . . . I don't see why people care about patriotism."

On Grammy night, Maines proclaimed, "I think people are using their freedom of speech with all these awards. We get the message." Of course, the "people" in question were members of the record industry, and only someone with a thumbless grasp of free speech would think it was at issue in the first place. The people who criticized the Dixie Chicks in the first place were people too, exercising *their* free speech. They just weren't the ones who mattered—at least to those nonpartisan adjudicators of raw talent who award Grammys.

—JONAH GOLDBERG

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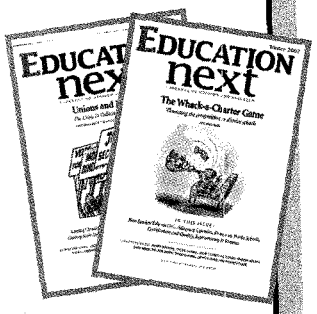

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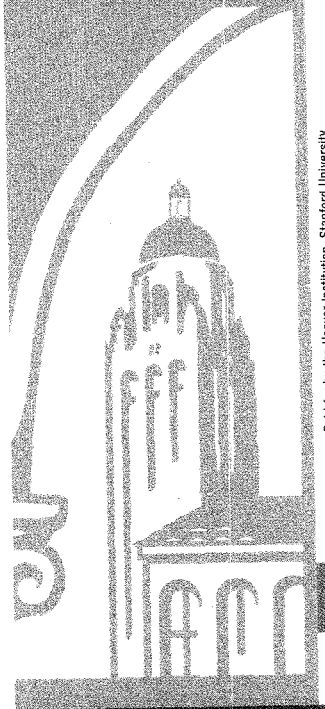

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In the new issue of *Education Next*

Debunking a Special Education Myth

Can spiraling special education costs explain why educational achievement has remained stagnant over the past three decades, while real education spending has more than doubled? Policy makers, education researchers, and school district officials often make the claim that private placements for special needs children drain resources away from regular education students. As it turns out, however, the evidence contradicts the private placement myth. Only a very small fraction, 0.18 percent, of disabled students are placed in private schools at public expense. And contrary to claims that this is increasingly common, the likelihood that disabled students will be placed in a private school has not grown in the last 15 years.

—Jay P. Greene and Marcus A. Winters

Catholic Schools Face Challenging Times

Despite a growing Catholic population (from 45 million in 1965 to almost 77 million today, making it the largest Christian denomination in the United States), Catholic school enrollment has plummeted from 5.2 million students in nearly 13,000 schools in 1960 to 2.5 million in 9,000 schools in 1990. Catholics make up about one-quarter of the American population, but their schools enroll less than 5 percent of all students. What happened to the Catholics? What happened to a school system that at one time educated one of every eight American children? And did it quite well.

—Peter Meyer

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THE WEEK...

increase is attributable to the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, and is entirely defensible. The big news is that this budget makes a serious effort to rein in runaway entitlement costs by altering the premiums that upper-income retirees pay for services they receive under Parts B (outpatient treatments) and D (the prescription-drug benefit) of Medicare. These premiums are heavily subsidized, even for wealthy retirees who could easily pay their own way. Bush's plan would use means-testing to adjust premiums more appropriately based on a recipient's financial condition, and would thus slice $8 trillion off of Medicare's long-term unfunded liability of $39 trillion. Bush has earned a reputation, not wholly unjustified, as a spendthrift. But he deserves credit for making the most serious efforts in a generation to address the looming entitlement catastrophe.

■ Our trading partners are pressuring us to reduce our farm subsidies, and record-high crop prices make it a good time to act. So President Bush has proposed cutting farm subsidies by as much as $4.5 billion over the next ten years. It is a welcome proposal. But we've been down this road many times before. Funding levels are (sometimes) reduced during the good times, but restored the minute crop prices take a dip or the land yields a thin harvest. Even if the cuts go through as envisioned, America's agricultural sector will continue to benefit from a kind of welfare the country's non-farming sectors could scarcely imagine.

BRYAN SMITH/ZUMA

■ Eliot Spitzer, the new Democratic governor of New York, is in a fight with the legislature over filling the position of the state's chief financial officer. Spitzer nominated three number crunchers, but the Democratic-controlled Assembly chose one of its own. Spitzer went ape, traveling to the district of one of the contumacious legislators and denouncing him as "one of those unfortunate Assembly members who just raises his hand when he's told to do so, and didn't even bother to stand up and say, 'Whose interest am I representing?'" This story goes far beyond the Empire State. In the past, Spitzer challenged the practice of local government all across America. Thought, independence, responsibility—where will it end?

■ And now to North Korea: When did Kim Jong Il become trustworthy? That's the question one asks in response to the deal over North Korea's nuclear program. Kim will get $400 million in fuel oil in exchange for shutting down the Yongbyon nuclear reactor. The U.S. is to move toward normalizing relations with the North and removing it from the State Department's list of terror sponsors. Then, one fine day, we'll figure out what to do with Kim's existing nuclear weapons. If this sounds eerily familiar, there's a reason: It's a reincarnation of the 1994 Agreed Framework, which offered energy aid to North Korea in exchange for its "cooperation" with the nonproliferation regime. Kim cheated almost from the start, and there's no obvious reason he won't do the same this time. The deal would have been worth signing had it required the North to close its reactor and destroy its arsenal *before* receiving aid. As it is, we've given up our leverage in exchange for the promise of a liar.

■ Senior American military officials gave a briefing in Baghdad on Iranian weapons that have killed 170 Americans and wounded 620 since 2004: EFPs, or explosively formed penetrators, that release armor-cutting molten copper balls. The briefers said that the Islamic Revolutionary Guard Corps' Quds Force, an arm of the Iranian government, ships the EFPs into Iraq. Members of the Quds force were recently arrested in the northern town of Erbil, and in the Baghdad home of a Shiite politician (the former are still being held; the latter were sent back to Iran). Sending in such weapons, or even failing to prevent their dispatch, is an act of war. We have known of it for three years; why announce it now? What will follow? Something less than war (otherwise the announcement would have been much bigger). But perhaps something more than nothing? That would be long overdue. Note to the skeptics in the press: This is not a case of presumed WMD, but of actual Ws, engaged in D even as we write.

■ If there is one aspect of War on Terror diplomacy that robs administration officials of their sleep more than any other, it is surely the U.S.-Pakistan relationship. John Negroponte testified to the Senate Intelligence Committee in January that "Pakistan is a major source of Islamic extremism." Those Pakistan-based extremists include elements of the Taliban, former rulers of, and present plague of, next-door Afghanistan. That Taliban can cross from their Pakistan refuges into Afghanistan to make trouble there is bad enough at the best of times, but there are now clear signs that they are planning a big spring offensive whose objectives may include attacks on Afghanistan's major cities. What to do? There is an infinity of complicating circumstances, not least among them the 3 million Afghans in refugee camps near the Afghan–Pakistan border (whose precise location, by the way, is disputed). In December, Pakistan's President Musharraf proposed the construction of fences and minefields along sections of that border. The minefields outraged European opinion and have been scotched, but it seems as though the fence will go ahead. If Musharraf does indeed get a fence built, perhaps he might offer consultancy services to our own Department of Homeland Security . . .

■ The number of nations that extend formal diplomatic recognition to the Republic of China (which is to say, Taiwan) rather than to the People's Republic of China (Red China) is down to 24. Grenada dropped off the list in January 2005, in return for an aid donation equivalent to $1,500 for every Grenadian. Alas, someone forgot to tell the Royal Grenada Police Band. The band was engaged to play at the opening ceremony for a $40 million sports stadium paid for by China—the People's Republic, that is. The band struck up the tune . . . but it was the old, Taiwanese anthem ("The Three Principles of the People form our party's creed"), not the new, mainland-Chinese one ("Arise, ye who are not willing to be slaves!"). Chinese ambassador Qian Hongshan scowled and fumed as the anthem of the "renegade province" echoed round the stadium his country had paid for. Ambassador Qian and his Beijing bosses have no one but themselves to

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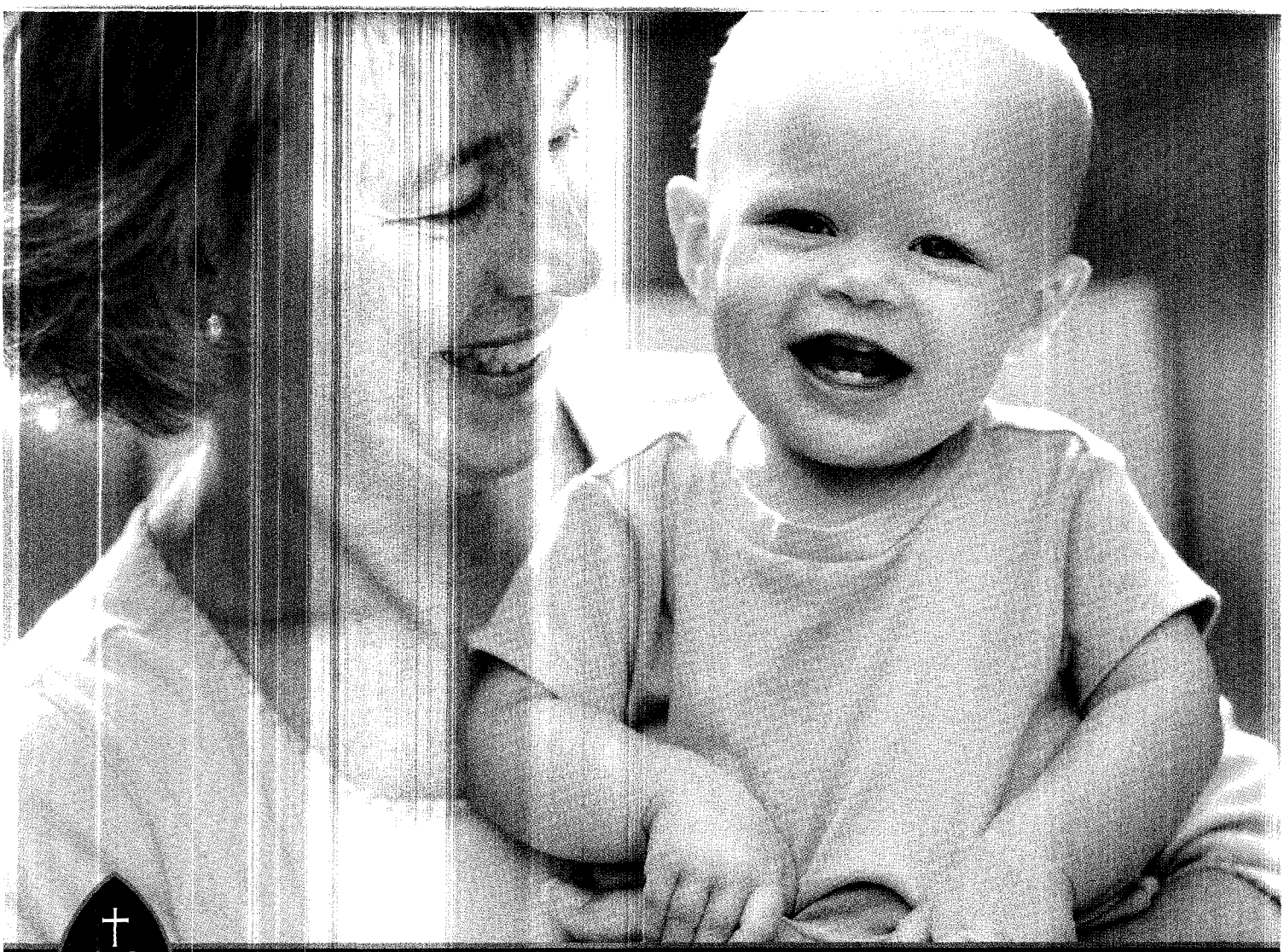

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THE WEEK...

blame. It is only fear of Beijing's reaction to any change in the status quo that prevents Taiwan from dropping the "Republic of China" fiction and declaring itself the independent nation that everyone knows it to be in fact.

■ A nationwide smoking ban went into effect in France, yet another blow to the stereotype of the French as a nation of louche but intellectual libertines, Jeanne Moreau and Alain Delon lounging in bed discussing Heidegger through a fug of cigarette smoke. Ah, *où sont les Gitanes d'antan?* Before the health nuts tighten their grip on La Belle France to a stranglehold, though, we should like to remind everyone that the oldest person who ever lived—at any rate, whose dates of birth and death are so impeccably chronicled that no one could doubt her age—was a Frenchwoman, Mme. Jeanne Calment of Arles, who lived to be 122; and that Mme. Calment was—gasp!—a lifelong cigarette smoker. Well, not quite lifelong: She actually quit at age 117, being then blind and too proud to ask people to light her cigarettes for her. After her 118th birthday, however, she resumed the habit. Mme. Calment died in 1997, leaving behind her a faint whiff of cigarette smoke and a world from which the pleasures of tobacco are being methodically routed. God bless Mme. Calment, wherever she is, and may health nuts everywhere—but especially in France—choke on their own preening virtue.

■ The human-interest story of the fortnight is surely the one about Lisa Nowak, the lovesick astronaut. Aside from offering a rich trove of similes, allusions, and puns to witty editorialists ("star-crossed," "moonbat," "lust in space," "fatal gravitational attraction," etc., etc.), this tale of unrequited love and thwarted revenge has imperishable appeal. The object of Ms. Nowak's desire was Bill Oefelein, also a career astronaut. Mr. Oefelein's attentions, however, were fixed on a third NASA employee, Colleen Shipman. Having learned that her love rival would be arriving in Orlando by air, Ms. Nowak drove the 950 miles from Houston to confront Ms. Shipman in the airport parking lot, taking with her a bag full of gruesomely suggestive equipment—rubber hoses, a knife, latex gloves, and so on. Major system malfunction occurred, however, when the intended victim declined to fully open her car window, as Ms. Nowak's plan required. So now Ms. Nowak is confined in a tiny police cell—though close confinement should be no novelty for an astronaut. She has plenty of time for reflection; and *that* should be nothing new for an astronaut, either. NASA has 97 of them, far more than required by current launch schedules. The devil makes work for idle hands.

THRILL ME

Brownback doesn't; Huckabee's
Too jejune to be my squeeze.
Giuliani sounds like Oz,
While McCain's recalling Ma's
Soufflé just before it fell.
Romney's tugging at my bell,
But the darned thing won't ding-dong.
Where's my rude, rampant King Kong?

—W. H. VON DREELE

■ The rule of gambling is that the house always wins. It is also the rule of sexual objectification and runaway celebrity culture, as Anna Nicole Smith's life showed. At moments she seemed the capable mistress of her fate. Who didn't smile when she appeared before the Supreme Court, in widow's weeds, to claim a chunk of her senile, goatish husband's estate? (They met in a topless bar, and married when she was 26, he 89.) But keeping the spotlight trained me-wards led, through parody and surgery, to self-annihilation. This is not a feminist point: The game degrades purveyors and gawkers too. Her son's death at age 20, and her own at age 39, were pitiable. R.I.P.

■ A little insight into the way we live now was offered the other day by Rick Kushman, TV columnist of the *Sacramento Bee*. Mr. Kushman had been hobnobbing with studio people, and retailed the following story. Marc Cherry, the creator of ABC's hit show *Desperate Housewives*, and, says Kushman, "a man who put in plenty of time in the mills of show business before hitting it big," told a gathering of TV critics about an episode of that show in which one of the housewives, played by actress Eva Longoria, was in bed after a tryst with her 17-year-old gardener. Cherry got a request from the network, he told the critics. "The censor looked, and said, 'Does she have to smoke?' And I went, 'So you're good with the statutory-rape thing?'"

■ Not all rallies are reported equal. Washington recently saw two big public demonstrations: the March for Life, marking the anniversary of *Roe* v. *Wade*, and another let's-abandon-Iraq-and-impeach-that-bastard-Bush extravaganza. None of the big-three networks sent a national reporter to cover the March for Life. According to the Media Research Center, ABC said nothing at all of it. CBS's and NBC's evening broadcasts noted that "both sides" of the abortion debate had been represented—but neglected to mention that there were tens of thousands demonstrating against *Roe* and only tens demonstrating for it. But the big three didn't stint on coverage of the anti-war protest: Their evening broadcasts together devoted five reports and six anchor briefs to it. Just in case you thought the media had de-biased themselves . . .

■ Sometimes a nomination needs a warning label. When the National Book Critics Circle picked Bruce Bawer's *While Europe Slept* as one of five finalists in the criticism category, Eliot Weinberger, who announced the selections, called Bawer's book "racism as criticism"; John Freeman, president of the

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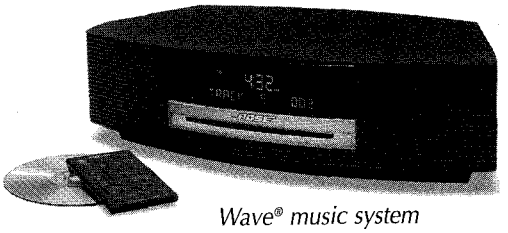

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board, wrote on the group's blog that he has "never been more embarrassed by a choice . . ." Now, critics, go make the final choice. Bawer broke with his neoconservative ex-friends in the Nineties and moved to Europe, where he found something even more sinister than *Commentary* magazine—Islamism in action: crime, honor killings, riots, bigoted imams, the murder of Theo van Gogh. *While Europe Slept* tries to wake the reader up, though Weinberger and Freeman have narcolepsy. Back when he was an anti-Communist, Bawer knew about liberal myopia. We're sorry he's had to relearn what he knew; glad that he is writing about it, and that some book critics have noticed.

■ Terrorism? Islam? *What* connection? So implied Long Island University when it fired five seniors from their jobs as residence-hall assistants for making a spoof hostage video. In the film, which turned up on YouTube, the quintet demanded doughnuts and pastries in exchange for the release of the residence hall's mascot, a rubber ducky. They spoke in approximations of Arabic accents and peppered the tape with the words "Muhammad" and "Koran." A university spokesman called their production an insult to the families of hostages; he also said that the university has an obligation to create "a campus environment that is free of prejudice and intolerance." We have a pretty good idea which was the real offense. The students have sued the university, in true American fashion. In equally American fashion they have promised to betake themselves to the local Islamic center and abase themselves forthwith. Much ado indeed for a joke—and a joke true to life at that.

■ George Santayana, who taught there, called Harvard the "toy Athens" of America. The toy Athens is looking pretty ragged these days. Harvard replaced former president Larry Summers, ousted in a faculty-led coup, with Drew Gilpin Faust. Faust spent a quarter century as a feminist historian at Penn, and six years running a small think tank named for the vanished Radcliffe. She will be pavement for a runaway faculty. At the same time, Harvard announced that students would have to take courses in seven areas so broadly defined—e.g., "culture and belief," "United States in the world"—as to be meaningless. For $43,000 a year, Harvard confers credentials on the elite of the future, and gives its members a chance to network and mate with their peers. Learning will be a random, and increasingly rare, experience.

■ The University of Wisconsin has decided to hire its first military-history professor in 15 years—an action that the student newspaper, the *Daily Cardinal*, credits NATIONAL REVIEW with motivating. Last fall, NR's John J. Miller reported on the decline of military history in higher education and called attention to the fact that Wisconsin had refused to hire a military historian even though the late author Stephen Ambrose and others had donated more than $1 million for that purpose. Miller concluded: "Wisconsin doesn't actually want a military historian on its faculty." This charge led to "a flurry of discussion," according to the *Cardinal*. Within a few weeks, Gary Sandefur, dean of the College of Letters and Science, authorized the history department to begin a search, which is ongoing. If the school hires a traditional military historian—as opposed, for instance, to a "peace and gender" scholar—then the good guys will have won a skirmish in the culture wars. And it will demonstrate that, at least in Madison, a little badgering can go a long way.

■ The Eric Breindel Award for Excellence in Journalism is given once a year, to a journalist who exhibits "love of country and its democratic institutions" and "bears witness to the evils of totalitarianism." The award is worth $20,000. There is a second award, for undergraduate journalism, worth $10,000 (and the same principles apply). For more information, please contact Germaine Febles at (212) 843-8031 or GFebles@Rubenstein.com. The deadline for each award is April 20.

2008

Rudy's Run

RUDY GIULIANI is a compelling candidate for the Republican nomination for president in 2008. He saved New York City, by restoring law and order and breaking with the disastrous urban liberalism of the 1970s. He will forever be honored for his leadership after the 9/11 attacks. And his effective, no-nonsense management style and straight-talking persona are enormously appealing. Our colleague John Podhoretz is correct when he points out that conservatives want to like Giuliani, and we would add that there is a lot to like.

But there are serious obstacles to Giuliani's winning the embrace of conservatives. Putting aside his tumultuous personal life, his positions on many national issues, from tax reform to the environment, are largely unknown and will be more closely examined. On social issues, however, his liberal views are well known and so present a threshold question for many conservatives. Giuliani's most important flaw in this regard is his denial that unborn children have a right to life.

We are glad to see that Giuliani is now reaching out to conservatives on these issues. Pro-lifers have been willing to overlook politicians' pasts and embrace their conversions: It is never too late to begin protecting life. In other cases, pro-lifers have reached a modus vivendi with politicians who continue to disagree with them. The late senator Paul Coverdell, for example, supported legal abortion. But once he won his primary, pro-lifers supported him because he promised to vote to ban partial-birth abortion, oppose public funding of abortion, and support conservative nominees to the judiciary. He lived up to those promises. He stayed theoretically pro-choice, but was operationally pro-life. The bar for Giuliani will be higher, since he is running for president—and so far he has done less.

He has moved on partial-birth abortion. On *Meet the Press* in 2000, he said he would "vote to preserve the option for women." He also said, "I think the better thing for America to do is to leave that choice to the woman, because it affects her probably more than anyone else." Partial-birth abortion is inches away from infanticide, and more than 60 percent of

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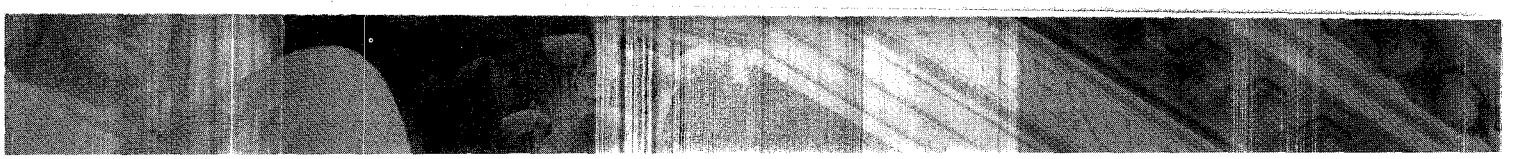

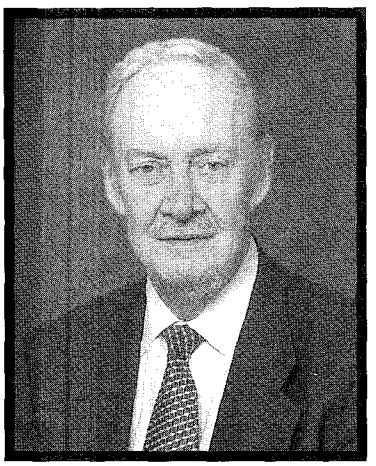

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THE WEEK...

Americans—including many people who consider themselves "pro-choice"—think it is abhorrent and should be prohibited.

Giuliani has now joined this consensus, which is the bare minimum a presidential candidate who wants to find common ground with pro-lifers must do. Now Giuliani says that he supports a ban on partial-birth abortion, so long as the procedure can be employed to save the mother's life. The qualification is puzzling, there being no cases in which a woman's life or even health would depend on partly delivering her child and then crushing the child's skull and sucking out the brains. But we applaud the mayor's newfound willingness to endorse a ban at all.

Giuliani also says he would look for "strict constructionists" in the mold of Chief Justice Roberts and Justice Alito to fill judicial vacancies. Those who believe that judges should be bound by the Constitution and not free to impose their own policy preferences by fiat will applaud. Social conservatives have particular reason to cheer. *Roe* v. *Wade* was a foundational act of judicial activism that made it impossible to have any meaningful restrictions on abortion, and the courtroom remains the preferred governmental venue for social liberals seeking to overcome what they regard as the retrograde moral views of the people.

Giuliani surely hopes that social conservatives will think he is promising, *sotto voce*, to appoint justices who oppose *Roe* v. *Wade*. President Bush sent that signal in code. But code won't be enough for Giuliani. He needs to be up-front about his views on *Roe*. Instead he has dodged the question, saying that it's "up to the Court to decide" and that "it's been precedent for a very, very long time." He suggested that this Court would not fully overturn *Roe*, an obvious truth delivered in a too-complacent manner.

Here he falls short of President Bush, who in 2000 said that *Roe* "overstepped the constitutional bounds." While Bush has declined to call explicitly for its reversal, he has said that the law should protect unborn life and has done what he can to bring that wish closer to reality. He has thus, in practice, stood for the principle that in this country we govern ourselves rather than simply accepting gravely mistaken edicts from the courts.

Giuliani once opposed *Roe* himself, according to press reports when he first ran for mayor in 1989. He ought to say clearly that states should be allowed to enact protective legislation. His current muddle raises the possibility that "strict constructionism" is, for him, nothing more than a slogan.

In the past he has evinced an interest in challenging the Republican party's commitment to life. He has said the pro-choice position is "more consistent with the philosophy of the Republican party." Presumably he no longer wants to confront pro-lifers head-on. He should also quit caricaturing the pro-life position. Giuliani often justifies his support for the abortion license by saying that he does not want to put women "in jail." That isn't on the pro-life movement's agenda. Changing public policy to discourage people from going into the abortion business is. Where does Giuliani stand on that?

He will have to answer questions about other social issues as well. Has the development of alternative methods of deriving stem cells convinced him that taxpayer funding for research that destroys human embryos is unnecessary? Stem-cell research involving human cloning raises the prospect of the routine creation of human embryos to be destroyed in research. Is Giuliani willing to draw the line before that point?

Giuliani says he opposes both same-sex marriage and a federal constitutional amendment to ban it. Does he also oppose the judicial imposition of same-sex marriage? If so, what would he do to make that opposition effectual? He says that he supports civil unions. But civil unions come in different configurations. Does Giuliani want civil unions that allow any two adults to sign up for certain legal privileges? Or does he want the government to give its affirmative blessing to homosexual relationships?

Many conservatives understandably don't want to shut the door on Rudy Giuliani. He is very effective at fighting for, and implementing, those conservative causes with which he agrees. Indeed, he represents one of the best examples of executive ability over the last 15 years.

But for four decades, pro-lifers have resisted intense pressure from journalistic, political, and legal elites to declare the abortion question closed. Those elites would surely treat the Republican party's nomination of a pro-choicer as their final victory. Having blocked that bipartisan ratification of abortion-on-demand for so long, pro-lifers will be especially disinclined to accept it now, after several years in which they have gained ground. (Even Democrats now realize that their pro-choice extremism is an electoral loser.)

Many pro-lifers, and many conservatives, may eventually decide that for all his obvious strengths they cannot support Giuliani for president. For now, however, there is a certain symmetry of interest between conservatives and Giuliani. Conservatives should want Giuliani to agree with them on as many issues as possible. And Giuliani should want to win the nomination, without triggering any rush to the party's exits. We hope he campaigns like it.

PUBLIC POLICY

Planet Gore

THE U.N.'s Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC) has released a summary of its latest report. The release has had the intended effect: generating fresh gloom and doom about global warming. The *New York Times* described the report as "a grim and powerful assessment of the future of the planet." Meteorologists who dissent from the "consensus" on warming are already being ostracized. And the chairman of the IPCC, Rajendra Pachauri, has said, quite forthrightly, "I hope this report will shock people."

The shock, however, is that the latest summary contains very little that was not in the IPCC's last report, in 2001. What is new, moreover, is a retreat from earlier, gloomier claims. Notwithstanding the authors' bold assertion of 90 percent confidence that human activity causes warming, it appears from the short summary of the full report that there has been only slight progress over the past five years in refining our climate models and resolving key uncertainties.

The 2001 report identified twelve factors in climate "forcings" (i.e., factors such as greenhouse-gas emissions, clouds, and solar radiation that "force" temperatures higher or lower).

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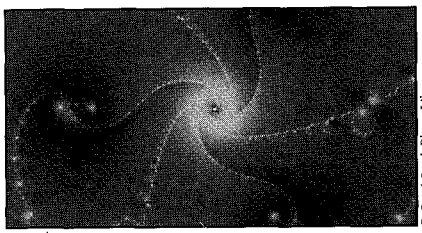

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These twelve factors went into the computer models to generate predictions about future warming, but the IPCC said in 2001 that the level of scientific understanding for seven of the twelve factors was "very low." Most of the seven are significant "negative forcings" that cool the planet, and may be underestimated in climate models. The new report has consolidated the twelve factors into just nine; yet the IPCC still says our level of understanding is "low" or "medium-low" for six of the nine.

Gone from the latest summary is the infamous "hockey stick" of the 2001 report. This was a graphic purporting to show that the planet is warmer today than at any time in the last thousand years, a demonstration that required erasing the inconvenient medieval warm period. The new IPCC report has also reduced its estimate of the human influence on warming by one-third (though this change was not flagged for the media, so few news accounts took notice of it). That reduction is one reason the IPCC narrowed the range of predicted future warming, and lowered the new midpoint—i.e., the most likely temperature increase—by half a degree, from 3.5 degrees Celsius in 2001 to 3 degrees in this report. The new assessment also cuts in half the range of predicted sea-level rise over the next century. Now the maximum prediction is about 17 inches, as compared with the 20 to 30 feet Al Gore dramatizes in his horror film. (Which truths are inconvenient now?) There are murmurs from the green warriors that the new report is a disappointment, and no wonder.

Keep in mind that this summary covers only one of the three IPCC working groups that will report their findings later this year. Good news for insomniacs: The three complete reports, covering science, impacts, and mitigation, will run to nearly 5,000 pages. The IPCC's release of only one summary in advance of the complete reports is a clear attempt to spin the media.

Climate change is real—the world is warming modestly, and this fact should be taken seriously. But the continuing panic of Gore & Co. in the face of growing evidence that previous predictions were exaggerated and politicized should bolster the position of those who advocate sensible climate policy. Such policy would emphasize development of new energy technologies, and eschew the starvation diet of the Kyoto Protocol.

OBITUARY

Ralph de Toledano, R.I.P.

RALPH DE TOLEDANO was the saddest man I ever knew. One only hopes that his death on February 3, at 90, ended that sadness, though it requires a very dogmatic belief in God to be confident of it.

I heard from Toledano ("not *de* Toledano," he instructed me years ago) at regular intervals. There are perhaps 150 letters from him in my files and, without exception, they complain. That he is friendless in Washington, that he cannot find a publisher for his books, that the world no longer has any interest in his accomplishments.

Much of this was correct, though the fault was not always that of others. Toledano, although he had published more than 20 books, was not good at self-promotion, by which here is meant writing copy that has a fair chance of catching the eye of editors because it will serve their purposes. The only purpose Toledano ended up serving by his prolonged absences from the public stage was the care and feeding of his muse.

No one can ever have expressed *Weltschmerz* more fully, more evocatively, more eloquently. "Do you know anyone ready to buy an oil lamp, long in my family, which goes back to Cervantes' time?" He was speaking of his imminent poverty. And "For all my efforts, I find myself unwept, unhonored, and badly sung—contemplating two books that I cannot get published and wandering about my apartment talking to Eunice [his late wife], whom I mourn every day."

The only purpose Toledano ended up serving by his prolonged absences from the public state was the care and feeding of his muse.

He had had a great deal to write about. He was an editor at *Newsweek* during the great Chambers-Hiss trial. It was during this trial that he became a close, apostolic friend of Chambers (Regnery published a volume of their letters in 1997, titled *Notes from the Underground*). During the trial Toledano became, also, a friend of Richard Nixon, and it was widely assumed that if Nixon reached the White House, Toledano would be appointed his press secretary.

Another betrayal?

Toledano wrote on, but the market for his material diminished to virtually zero. "A case could be made [for publishing his then-current book] with ISI, AEI, or Cato. But I know no one at any of these organizations." Question, why? "In fact I have discovered that I know no one anywhere these days. Can you suggest someone at the above to whom I might make an approach?"

One of his projected books teemed with politically licentious material. He tried it out on Regnery's Marji Ross. "*With Friends like Dick Nixon* would not have been a bio but a tell-all account of a long 'friendship,' with anecdotal material never before published, with now-it-can-be-told inside disclosures of what went on behind the scenes during various brouhahas, [Nixon's] relations with J. Edgar, Ike, Pat [Nixon], the why of his double-cross of Herb Klein [press secretary] and attempted ditto of Rose Woods [Nixon's longtime personal secretary] and how Pat blocked it, how he used me and then cut my throat—that's a book, a kind of *Deep Throat*, that would sell, but Marji Ross says there are too many bios of RN. . . . But enough of this. It's bad enough being a has-been without inflicting it on you."

It can't be predicted that this poet of melancholy will live on, other than in the archives. But it won't be said that he passed on without the affectionate notice of devoted admirers. He was a truly learned friend of the West, a superb literary technician, who despite his sadness gladdened the lives of those who knew him.

—WFB

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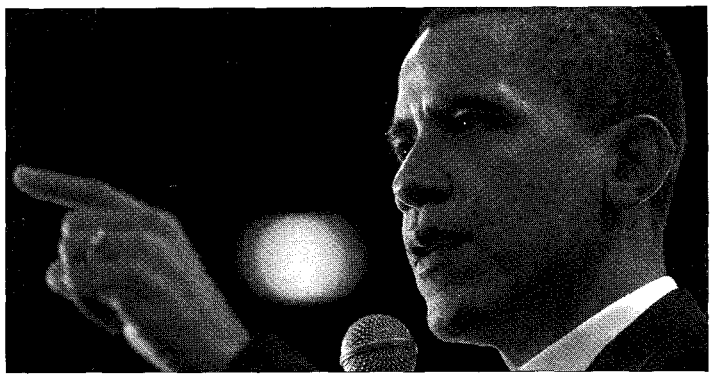

■ 2008 ■

The Great Audacious Hope

Senator Obama kicks off

RICHARD LOWRY

Durham, N.H.

At a town-hall meeting in the University of New Hampshire field house, Barack Obama says people can ask any question they like and promises to answer "without equivocation." There's applause, and hands go up all around the gymnasium packed with a couple of thousand people on a freezing Monday night eleven months away from the primary.

A student asks what to do about North Korea's nuclear program, which is in the news because there's talk of a deal between the U.S. and North Korea. Obama notes the danger of nuclear proliferation, talks about flaws in the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, touts his work with Republican senator Dick Lugar to secure nuclear material, says the world needs a regime where responsible nuclear powers keep custody of all nuclear material, and concludes that the U.S. needs to look at reducing its own nuclear stockpile. Next question?

Obama hasn't equivocated. He has simply failed to answer.

For such a talented communicator, throughout the night Obama makes as many verbalized pauses as the nervous College Democrat who introduced him, uh's and um's that undermine any sense of command. A few questions and vague answers later, a freshman in the bleachers up near the ceiling asks if he will give them "concrete examples of actions you're going to take." There's a smattering of applause for the pointed question.

Obama rattles off a few energy proposals that he has sponsored in the Senate. He is smart enough to be able to talk intelligently about nearly anything, but it usually feels like he's a glib amateur, the smartest kid in class who has been paying just enough attention to repeat to the teacher what she wants to hear. Especially tonight, when he might be tired at the tail-end of a successful three-day announcement tour that has taken him from Springfield, Ill., to a few stops in Iowa, then back to Illinois, and now here, where a trickle of students begin clomping down the bleachers and out of the event before it ends.

I've seen Obama in finer form. At a meeting of the Democratic National Committee a week or so ago where all the candidates gave 10- or 15-minute speeches, Obama did something different from everyone else, and harder. The others strained to deliver the most crowd-pleasing applause lines. But it doesn't take much skill or imagination to whip up a ballroom full of Democratic activists bristling with hostility toward the Iraq War and the Bush administration.

Obama got a star's welcome. The crowd was on its feet, cellphone cameras held high in the air to get a shot of him. When he began his speech and mentioned the political pundits arrayed before him, someone yelled, for no reason in particular, "We love you!" Given Obama's adoring press coverage, you could have been forgiven for thinking that it was one of the assembled reporters, overcome by proximity to Obama, confessing his true feelings.

Obama took the love directed toward him and the enmity directed toward the Bush administration, and moved it in an unexpected direction. He didn't tell the crowd what it obviously wanted to hear. He described all the forces that, in his mind, make the public cynical about politics—our gotcha political culture, the horse-race-obsessed media, etc.—and how simply opposing the Bush administration won't be enough for Democrats in 2008 as it was in '06. The crowd was hushed. They were truly listening. Not listening for the next line that would make them stand and cheer, but listening to and following an argument.

Obama concluded, "There are those who don't believe in talking about hope. They say, 'Well, we want specifics; we want details; and we want white papers; we want plans.' We've had a lot of plans, Democrats. What we've had is a shortage of hope. And over the next year, over the next two years, that will be my call to you."

It was a memorable performance, but obviously no one is opposed to talking about hope. This goes to Obama's troubled relationship to policy plans, which risks making his uplift seem merely hackneyed verbiage. It's hardly a new idea to attack the political process as too small-minded, money-grubbing, and negative. In fact, it's a commonplace. Without a detailed agenda, it will eventually become clear Obama is running on high-minded clichés.

He tells reporters that he doesn't need more policy because in his two books voters can find out more about him and what he thinks than any other candidate ever at this stage in a presidential race. It is true that in his wonderfully written memoir of his life into his twenties, *Dreams from My Father*, readers will learn more about the childhood, adolescence, and young adulthood of Obama than they will—or would care to, presumably—about the other candidates. If Obama were running on "finding himself," *Dreams* would be a detailed manifesto.

His new book, *The Audacity of Hope*, has plenty of policy in it, but it's scattershot thoughts about addressing all of the nation's problems, not detailed plans about given issues, or any attempt to prioritize

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among them. If the rap against Obama is that there's not enough substance to his campaign, it would be easy for him to deliver a few hour-long policy speeches. Maybe he will with time. But his resistance at the moment is part of the central conceit of his campaign, and that is the fallacy of a false consensus.

Obama says almost dismissively that "we've got plans," as if all policy plans out there were of equal merit and everyone agreed on those merits. Here in New Hampshire, he says "we know" the steps we need to take to reduce health-care costs; "we know" we need to redeploy out of Iraq; "we know" we need energy independence. *We know, we know, we know.* There is a segment of the population that "knows" all those things, and it is those people who happen to agree with Obama on everything. He is effectively reading out everyone else from reasoned discourse, which—his modest and even-toned demeanor notwithstanding—is a rhetorical move of breathtaking arrogance.

Obama makes this move because it supports his contention that all that stands in the way of solving all our problems is skepticism about politics and "small-mindedness." Obama underestimates the very stuff of politics, conflict and disagreement, which are usually necessary before compromise and consensus. As is often the case with politicians promising a fresh and new politics, there is a kind of contempt for politics itself beneath Obama's exhortations.

Obama offers himself—his reasonable and optimistic tone and his biography—as the salve for American politics. A critic will see here the same self-obsession that characterizes *Dreams*. Granted, all coming-of-age memoirs will be highly self-involved. But Obama's 450 pages of agonized self-reflection grow especially wearisome.

The unusual thing about the biographical basis of Obama's candidacy is how everything that he "achieved" to become so compelling happened before age ten, and was none of his doing. Ike had a compelling biography because he won World War II in Europe. McCain has a compelling biography because he endured almost six years of captivity during the Vietnam War, undergirding his message of patriotism and honor. Obama happens to be the child of a woman who married a Kenyan, and then an Indonesian man.

A sympathetic questioner here asks what experience he has to be president. Obama ticks off his bipartisan work in the Senate the last two years—but none of that is executive experience. He touts his accomplishments in the Illinois legislature—but how many hundreds of state legislators around the country have similar experience? He says he was a constitutional-law professor for ten years, which is important because "we've been ignoring our Constitution for six years"—but that's a cheap applause line. Finally, he says his work as a community organizer in Chicago is "relevant"—but this is just ridiculous.

Nonetheless, the thrust of Obama's campaign can indeed be traced back to his work in Chicago. There he was dealing with desperate people genuinely in need of a glimmer of hope. America, however, is not the South Side of Chicago writ large. It is not as hope-deprived as Obama thinks, as he takes a sermon he heard in Chicago during that time on the "audacity of hope" and makes it his theme in a campaign for president of the United States.

There was also a disconnect in Obama's (worthy and admirable) work in Chicago. He was operating in a community in a social crisis stemming, mostly, from a breakdown in the two-parent family. No amount of community organizing would ever make up for that, so Obama's means were impossibly removed from his ends. Similarly, Obama's substance today, his standard-issue liberalism, bears little relation to his soaring rhetoric of consensus and hope.

By the end of Obama's town-hall meeting, there is a little sense of deflation in the room. But his strengths have been on display too. He's a winsome guy, bantering easily with the audience. He has the kind of star power that has people leaning over the edge of one set of bleachers watching him make his exit, like fans at the end of a basketball or football game. Finally, he's been pure on the war. The biggest applause line of the night is when he says he opposed the war in 2002, and it's a line he delivers in a matter of fact, low-key way.

In his parting remark, Obama says, "My rival in this race is not other candidates, it's cynicism." That sounds nice, but cynicism is not on the ballot. Other, formidable candidates are, whom Obama will not vanquish merely by the audaciousness of his audacity or the hopefulness of his hope. **NR**

■ **PUBLIC POLICY**

A Mandate In Texas

The story of a compulsory vaccination and what it means

KATE O'BEIRNE

On February 2, Texas became the first state to require that young girls be vaccinated against some sexually transmitted viruses. This happened when Gov. Rick Perry issued an executive order requiring that students receive a new vaccine before entering the sixth grade. Perry's order has met with criticism from state legislators who object to his unilateral action, medical groups that welcome the breakthrough vaccine but oppose a mandate, and parents who believe that such coercion usurps their authority. The vaccine's manufacturer is aggressively lobbying other state legislatures to back mandates, and legislation to require the new vaccine is pending in over a dozen states.

Last June, the Food and Drug Administration approved Merck & Co.'s Gardasil vaccine for females aged 9 to 26. When administered to girls before they become sexually active, the vaccine can protect against two of the strains of the human papillomavirus (HPV) that cause about 70 percent of cervical cancers. Within a few weeks of the approval, the vaccine was added to the federal list of recommended routine immunizations for eleven- and twelve-year-old girls. The duration of immunity for the three-dose vaccine series, at a cost of about $360, is not yet known. The federal, means-tested Vaccines for Children program will now include the HPV vaccine, and insurance companies are expected to begin covering its costs.

There is little controversy over the recommendation that the vaccine be broadly used. HPV is the most common sexually transmitted infection, with about half of those who are sexually active carrying it at some point in their lives and about 6.2 mil-

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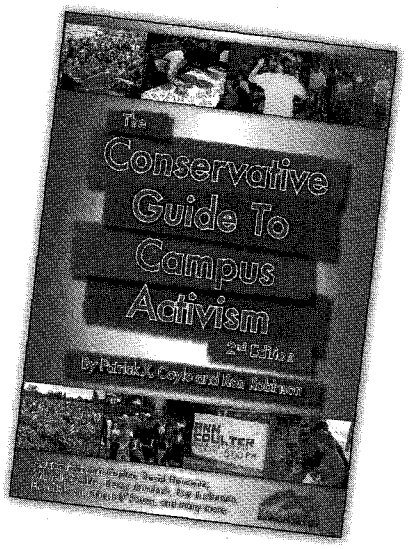

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lion infected annually. The number of sexual partners is the most important risk factor for genital HPV infection. There are no treatments to cure HPV infections, but most are cleared by the immune system, with 90 percent disappearing within two years. Some infections do persist, causing genital warts, cancers of the cervix, and other types of cancer. Each year, over 9,000 new cases of cervical cancer are diagnosed, and the disease kills 3,700 women. Routine Pap tests have dramatically reduced the incidence of cervical cancers over the past 50 years, and it is recommended that even those immunized with the new vaccine continue to be tested, as the vaccine doesn't guard against eleven other high-risk strains of HPV that cause cancer.

Governor Perry recognized that "the newly approved HPV vaccine is a great advance in the protection of women's health" in a "whereas" clause on the way to his "therefore" order that rules be adopted to "mandate the age appropriate vaccination of all female children for HPV prior to admission to the sixth grade." In turning a federal recommendation into a state mandate, Perry has thrilled the vaccine manufacturer, while acting against the balance of medical opinion. And critics object to an opt-out provision that puts the onus on parents to file an affidavit seeking approval of their objection.

The American College of Pediatricians opposes requiring the vaccination for school attendance, saying that such a mandate would represent a "serious, precedent-setting action that trespasses on the rights of parents to make medical decisions for their children as well as on the rights of the children to attend school." The chairman of the American Academy of Pediatrics Committee on Infectious Diseases, Dr. Joseph A. Bocchini, believes a vaccine mandate is premature. "I think it's too early," he said. "This is a new vaccine. It would be wise to wait until we have additional information about the safety of the vaccine." The Texas Medical Association also opposes the mandate, expressing concerns over liability and costs.

Mandatory-education laws create a responsibility to make sure that children are vaccinated against contagious diseases they might be exposed to at school. Now states are considering compelling vaccination in the name of a broad public good, even though the disease in question would not be spread at schools.

Dr. Jon Abramson, the chairman of the Advisory Committee on Immunization Practices of the Centers for Disease Control, explains that protecting children against a virus that is spread by sexual activity is different from preventing the spread of measles. Abramson believes that mandating the HPV vaccine "is a much harder case to make, because you're not going to spread it in a school unless you're doing something you're not supposed to be doing in school." Non-vaccinated students would pose no risk to others while at school.

Texas state senator Glenn Hegar has introduced legislation to reverse Governor Perry's order on the grounds that research trials are still underway and "such mandates take away parents' rights to make medical decisions for their children and usurp parental authority." Twenty-six of 31 state senators believe the governor has usurped legislative authority too, and are calling on him to rescind the executive order. Perry stands by the order, but the rising controversy has discouraged other supporters of mandates.

The *Washington Post* recently reported that Virginia and 17 other states are considering the vaccine requirement "at the urging of New Jersey–based pharmaceutical giant Merck & Co. . . . [which] stands to earn hundreds of millions of dollars annually on Gardasil, according to Wall Street estimates." Public-health organizations have joined Merck in urging that the vaccine be made available in public clinics and encouraging its coverage by private insurers, but they don't support Merck's push for a school requirement.

There were 210 cases of cervical cancer in Maryland last year. Democratic state senator Delores Kelley introduced a bill to require the HPV vaccine for sixth-grade girls. Following complaints from parents and recent non-compliance problems with current mandated vaccinations, Kelley has withdrawn her bill (though she has spoken openly of reintroducing it next session). She explains that she was unaware of Merck & Co.'s lobbying efforts, and that she learned about the new HPV vaccine through a nonpartisan group of female legislators called Women in Government. More than half of its listed supporters are pharmaceutical manufacturers or other health-related companies. Women in Government is spearheading the campaign to mandate the HPV vaccine through school requirements, and some watchdog groups question the support it receives from Merck & Co. "It's not the vaccine community pushing for this," explains the director of the National Network for Immunization Information. Governor Perry's critics point to his own connection with Gardasil's manufacturer: His former chief of staff is a lobbyist for Merck & Co. in Texas.

The profit motive of a company can coincide with public-health interests, but the case for an HPV-vaccine mandate has not been made. The new vaccine does not prevent cervical cancer, but is a welcome protection against some strains of HPV. It is already available to parents who can decide whether it is appropriate for their young daughters. In substituting his judgment for theirs, Governor Perry has attempted to intrude upon their prerogatives and responsibilities. He has also substituted his own judgment for expert medical opinion. State officials who follow his lead won't enjoy immunity from the firestorm of criticism they will rightly earn. **NR**

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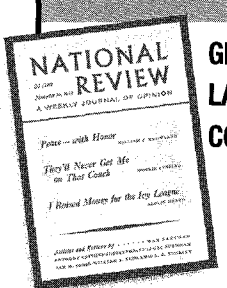

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■ EDUCATION

The Death Of the Hamilton Center

A case in upstate New York has implications all over

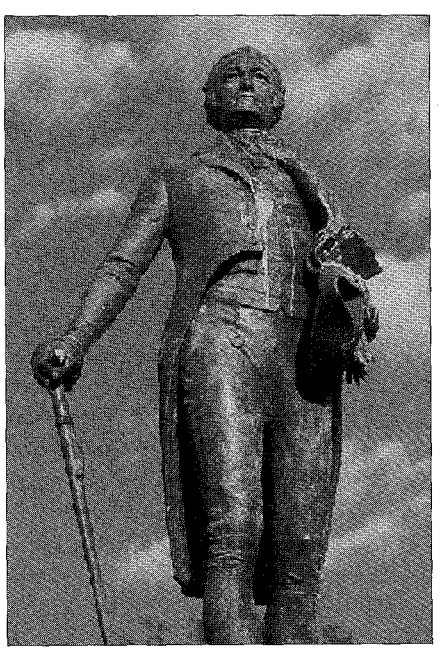
JOHN J. MILLER

On August 24, 2006, Hamilton College president Joan Stewart, one of her top deans, and three professors toasted the birth of the Alexander Hamilton Center. They poured champagne, clinked glasses, and anticipated a bright future for their new project. "We drank from a bottle of Dom Pérignon that I had purchased for the occasion," says Robert Paquette, a history professor who was to become the center's first director. The group was in a festive mood—and a couple of them even joked that they should go light on the bubbly because they were supposed to meet with parents of incoming students later in the day.

The administration of the small liberal-arts college, located in upstate New York, certainly had high hopes for the project. "The Alexander Hamilton Center is an exciting faculty initiative, one that will draw renewed attention on this campus to the considerable scholarly interest in the life and work of the founder who lent his name to our college," said Joseph Urgo, the dean of the faculty, in a formal announcement on September 6.

By the time the trees started changing colors, however, the center had collided with left-wing professors who couldn't abide the concept of a campus program whose resources were placed beyond their grasp. And before the fall semester was over, the college's board of trustees had shot down the Hamilton Center. The debacle is a study in political correctness gone haywire—and it offers a cautionary tale for conservatives as they struggle to establish small beachheads on hostile campuses.

The idea of the Hamilton Center developed through the friendship of Professor Paquette and Hamilton College life trustee Carl Menges, a retired investment banker who has donated several million dollars to his alma mater. At first, Paquette and Menges wanted to create a prize for scholarship on Hamilton. Eventually they hatched a plan with history professor Douglas Ambrose and economics professor James Bradfield for an entire center that would offer extracurricular programs on the history and meaning of freedom, democracy, and capitalism. Menges pledged to back it with $3.6 million and to help raise additional funds. "I'm confident that we could have brought in millions from other alumni," says Paquette.



Hamilton at Hamilton College

A high-profile effort to promote the study of America's first treasury secretary and his legacy seemed to be just what Hamilton College needed: Over the last several years, the school has suffered bouts of bad publicity. In 2002, it outraged many alumni when its "Womyn's Center" sponsored an appearance by Annie Sprinkle, a professional provocateur who describes herself as a "prostitute/porn star turned Ph.D. sexologist." (Her Ph.D. is from San Francisco's Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality.) According to an account in *The New Criterion*, she instructed her audience in the proper use of sex toys.

That same year, Joan Stewart's predecessor as president, Eugene M. Tobin, resigned after he was exposed as a serial plagiarist. The board of trustees aggravated the matter by appearing not to care: It let Tobin stay in his post for an entire school year, gave him a severance package worth $827,000 (according to the *Post-Standard* of Syracuse, N.Y.), and established a chair called the Eugene M. Tobin Distinguished Professorship.

A pair of ideological scandals came next. In 2004, Hamilton College hired Susan Rosenberg, onetime member of the Weather Underground, to teach a writing course called "Resistance Memoirs." She was available because President Clinton, during his final minutes in office, had granted her clemency: Rosenberg had been serving a 58-year sentence for weapons possession and conspiracy. She was also the getaway driver in a 1981 armored-car robbery that left a security guard and two police officers dead. Eventually she pulled out of her Hamilton appointment, blaming "organized right-wing intimidation," according to the *Chronicle of Higher Education*. Her most vocal critic probably was Paquette, who would eventually pay a price for speaking his mind.

Rosenberg's patron had been the Kirkland Project for the Study of Gender, Society, and Culture—basically a slush fund for campus radicalism. When Rosenberg withdrew, Kirkland's director, Nancy Rabinowitz, offered a speaking invitation to University of Colorado professor Ward Churchill. Churchill is the man who became notorious for penning an essay in which he described the victims of the World Trade Center bombing as "little Eichmanns."

This sparked a full-on alumni revolt. Several formed the Hamilton College Alumni for Governance Reform, launched a website, and ran petition candidates in special elections for the board of trustees (unsuccessfully, though they will try again this spring). Moreover, a wider world that had given scarcely a thought to Hamilton College came to see it as a hotbed of ideological lunacy. Even New York governor George Pataki chimed in, blasting the school for embracing "a bigoted terrorist-supporter." There was all the usual mutter-

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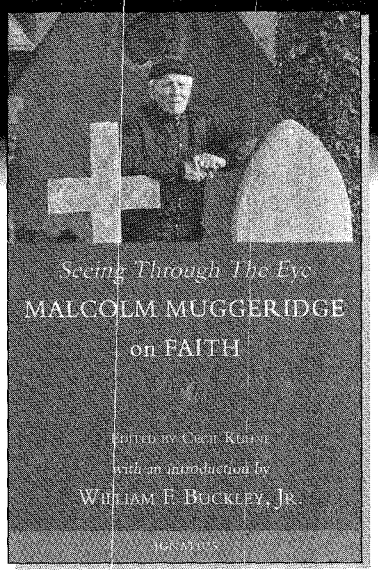
GREAT MEN, TIMELESS WISDOM



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Introduction by William F. Buckley, Jr.

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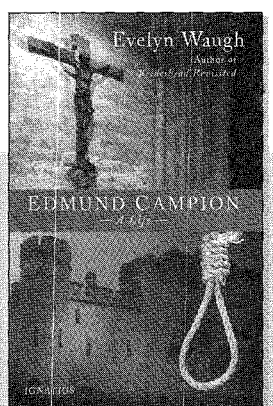

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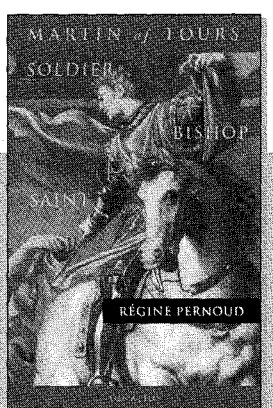

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ing about "academic freedom," but in the end Stewart canceled the Churchill event, citing security concerns.

Because of these shenanigans, the cofounders of the Alexander Hamilton Center quite sensibly wanted to protect their enterprise from the faculty's mischief-makers. "We have a problem with mediocrity on campus," says Menges. "So we put together a charter that would protect the center from a liberal clique that might seek to divert it from its mission."

This is becoming standard practice among philanthropists who want to support higher education but don't want their donations abused by professors and administrators more interested in Annie Sprinkle than scholarship. Rather than writing blank checks for unrestricted purposes, these donors earmark their gifts for special programs that are havens of traditional academics. Princeton is home to the James Madison Program, led by Robert P. George. At Brown, John Tomasi coordinates the Political Theory Project. Colorado, Emory, and Texas are also experimenting in this area. Many development offices encourage the growth of these programs because they provide right-leaning alumni with agreeable ways to give money to their old schools.

The Hamilton Center's agenda was relatively modest because it wouldn't have offered classes. Instead, it planned an extracurricular menu of lectures and conferences on annual themes; the first year's topic was to have been slavery and the abolitionist Gerrit Smith (a Hamilton grad, class of 1818). Above all, the center wanted to become a hub of intellectual activity—its board of advisers included the likes of Princeton's George, Harvard's Harvey Mansfield, and NR's Richard Brookhiser, who has written a biography of Alexander Hamilton.

Yet even this was unacceptable. On October 10, Hamilton's professors passed a resolution opposing the center by a vote of 77 to 17. One of the ringleaders was Rabinowitz. "There was an element of payback in that vote," says Paquette. "They were mad at me for criticizing Rosenberg and Churchill."

The center's faculty enemies tried to disguise their ideological objections as matters of high principle, claiming that the center had too much autonomy from the college. This is becoming a common theme: At Southern Methodist University, which is the frontrunner to host the George W. Bush Presidential Library, many professors have couched their objections in the language of institutional governance when in reality they simply don't like President Bush.

SMU probably will get its Bush library, but Hamilton College almost certainly won't have a Hamilton Center. After the faculty vote, which was technically nonbinding, the college's board of trustees got into the act. At a meeting on October 14, several of them raised concerns about the center's charter. One was Kevin Kennedy, a major donor to the school. Another, according to internal documents obtained by NR, was Drew Days, who was solicitor general in the Clinton administration.

Paquette and his allies were happy to compromise. "We made more than a dozen changes to the charter," he says. "Yet we had to insist on a certain amount of autonomy because the faculty would have wasted no time in turning the Alexander Hamilton Center into the Alexander Hamilton Center for the Study of Postmodern Sexuality."

This was the beginning of the end. There were more meetings, including a November 6 conference call with board members. One of them, chairman Stuart L. Scott, attacked Paquette for having had the audacity to criticize Hamilton College for the Rosenberg and Churchill invitations. Apparently academic freedom has its limits. On December 1, Stewart told the board what everybody already knew: The Hamilton Center was kaput. Paquette and his partners, she claimed, had "envisaged a center that would be *at* Hamilton but not *of* Hamilton."

Stewart's semantic hairsplitting was blind to the big picture. "Our goal was to create an enduring institution that would put Hamilton College on the map scholastically," says Paquette. "We gave them the golden goose on a silver platter and they dropped it." In the student newspaper, junior Benjamin Noble offered a similar interpretation: "Many professors, because of their ideological biases, personal vendettas and politics, have deprived students of this great intellectual opportunity."

That's no surprise: On campus, denying intellectual opportunity has become a way of life. **NR**

■ AT WAR

Plots to Behead

Dealing with the phenomena of our time

THEODORE DALRYMPLE

READERS of NATIONAL REVIEW, I know, will jump to no hasty or unwarranted conclusions when I inform them that I happened to be in Toronto when 17 young Muslims were arrested there for plotting to blow up the Canadian parliament and behead the prime minister, and in Birmingham when nine of its young Muslims were arrested for plotting to kidnap and then behead a British Muslim soldier. It is simply that there is quite a lot of plotting to behead selected infidels and alleged apostates going on: assuming, of course, that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the British antiterrorist squad knew what they were doing, which is likely but not absolutely certain.

I was temporarily living in Birmingham at the time of the arrests, and my relations with the Muslims by whom I was surrounded were extremely friendly. They were quiet and well-mannered, and while one of them wore the beard of a mullah, he smiled a lot and mowed his front lawn dressed in a tracksuit and sneakers. I happened to call a taxi on the day of the arrests, and the driver, who was Muslim, had just collected his little girl (dressed in Western clothes) from school. She asked her father for a present and he asked her what she wanted. She replied, "An Easter egg," and he said she could have one, but only at Easter.

This was multiculturalism as it was supposed to be, but there were other, less

Mr. Dalrymple is a retired prison psychiatrist and a contributing editor of *City Journal*. He is the author, most recently, of *Romancing Opiates: Pharmacological Lies and the Addiction Bureaucracy*.

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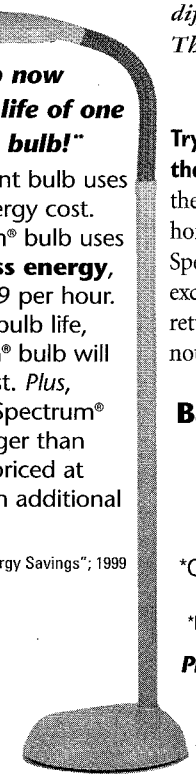

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reassuring signs. I received through the door of the house where I was temporarily staying a leaflet from a local city councilor, a Muslim, in which he pointed out that he had always been against the council's attempts to remove all reference to Christmas on the supposed grounds that it might offend non-Christians. He opposed this, he said, because the culture and religion of the whites were also entitled to respect. While this was no doubt better than arguing the opposite, it seemed to me sinister that it was, or had to be, argued at all.

When I went to the city's central library to look something up, I was surprised to see a table reserved for the use of women only, in effect Muslim women only. Some might say that this was a step towards integration: that without it, perhaps, such women would not use the library at all because they would not be permitted to do so by their menfolk. And of course Westerners have long segregated men and women in certain social circumstances; one of the commonest complaints about wards in British hospitals, for example, is that, in the name of economy, they have been sexually desegregated against the wishes of the patients. Yet in our current circumstances it is difficult not to see a women-only table in a public institution as a surrender to Muslim demands, a surrender that can lead only to further demands.

Such as, for example, the establishment of a separate Muslim health service (state-funded, of course). This proposal was seriously debated in the *British Medical Journal* only a week or two before the Birmingham arrests. I doubt this august publication would have opened its pages to a debate about the propriety of, say, a state-funded health service exclusively for the use of communicants of the Anglican Church.

Shortly after the arrests, a prominent Muslim of the city, Dr. Mohammed Naseem, claimed that Muslims in Britain were living in conditions reminiscent of Jews in Nazi Germany, reviled and persecuted. Dr. Naseem, a general practitioner, is universally regarded as a moderate: so moderate and reasonable, in fact, that he was awarded an honorary doctorate by the local university.

Rather worryingly, straw polls suggested that local Muslims felt more or less the way he did: that the arrests meant that Muslims were being unfairly and unreasonably picked on, as if no acts of terrorism committed by Muslims had taken place anywhere in the world in the recent past, and as if the prima facie evidence against six Muslims in their current trial for plotting to place bombs on the London underground system were not very strong indeed.

There could be no better way of driving people into the arms of extremists than to persuade them that all their difficulties result from the pervasive injustice of the society around them.

It is true, of course, that Tony Blair's commitment to the rule of law is not what it might be—probably because his commitment to anything other than himself is not what it might be—and that he and his government have shown a marked propensity to authoritarianism. But to compare him to Hitler, as Naseem once did, or Britain to Nazi Germany, demonstrates the lack of a sense of proportion and perhaps even an ability to think properly, or at least honestly. There is no greater enemy of clear thought than self-pity of the kind Naseem feels, along with many others.

As it happens, my mother was a refugee from Nazi Germany, arriving in Britain in 1939 at the age of 19. After her recent death, I discovered a cache of letters from her parents to her in Britain while they remained in Nazi Germany, still unable to leave. They spent their time going from consulate to consulate, desperate to find a way out. Eventually, barely two months before war broke out, they went to China, where they died, my mother never seeing them again.

Nazi Germany did not experience constant immigration of Jews clamoring to get in, to put it mildly. This rather elementary consideration suggests significant differences between the situation of Jews in Hitler's Germany and that of Muslims in Blair's Britain which it would require extraordinary ignorance, stupidity, or malevolence to overlook. As for the subject of the police state, to which Naseem has compared contemporary Britain, he and his followers might perhaps be more profitably employed in reflecting upon the political meaning and consequences of the religious prohibition of, and penalties for, apostasy.

But the fault, as usual, is not entirely on one side. The ruling political orthodoxies of multiculturalism and race relations have much to answer for, notwithstanding the natural propensities of people like Naseem to pity themselves, and to exculpate their coreligionists (though in Naseem's case it is true that he unequivocally condemned the London bombings and bombing generally, for which he was severely criticized by some of his fellow Muslims, and which his more recent pronouncements may have been an attempt to answer).

Multiculturalism starts out with the premise that it is for the host country to understand and accommodate its immigrants, and not for immigrants to understand the host country and, within a preexisting framework of rights and duties, accommodate themselves to it. And the theory of race relations suggests that the only possible reason for the different outcomes (in such measures as income and educational level) of the many ethnic groups that make up a cosmopolitan society such as Britain's is racial prejudice and discrimination.

The reason these two orthodoxies have been so eagerly accepted in Britain—by both the government and a significant and important, though perhaps not numerous, part of the educated population—is that they provide the opportunity for bureaucratic employment. This helps to reduce unemployment, at least in the short term, and to create a focus of political patronage and loyalty. The expectation that immigrants should learn English, for example, would reduce the opportunity for translators.

The compatibility of the doctrines of multiculturalism and race relations with the kind of self-pity exhibited by Naseem hardly needs pointing out. Unfortunately, there could be no better way of driving people into the arms of extremists than to

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Jimmy Carter, Israel and the Jews

Is our former President ignorant, malevolent – or both?

Jimmy Carter, our 39th president, has just written a book in which he purports to clarify the causes of the unending Israel-Arab conflict. The title of the book shows the bias that permeates it: *Palestine: Peace Not Apartheid.* It is a scurrilous comparison with the oppression of the black majority in South Africa. The entire book is shot through with falsehoods, distortions, and omissions of facts.

What are the facts?

There are so many falsehoods in the book that it isn't easy to know where to begin. But here are just a few of the many distortions in it.

• Yasser Arafat, the "leader" of the Palestinians for decades, was the man responsible for many murders that he had personally authorized. Hafez-al-Assad, the former tyrant of Syria, was also a mass murderer, personally responsible for the killing of at least 25,000 in the Syrian city of Hama. Both are described as leaders who diligently sought peace with Israel. Mr. Carter knows better, of course.

> "It is...not likely that the lies, misstatements, and omissions in his book are the result of ignorance. They must be the result, therefore, of malevolence – ..."

• Mr. Carter asserts that peace would have descended on Israel/Palestine if the Israelis had not "colonized" Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"). But that is quite incorrect. In the first place, the term "colonization" is not applicable. It presupposes that Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") is Palestinian territory, which those aggressive Israeli Jews have usurped. Not so, of course! Jews have had a presence in the area since time immemorial and certainly have at least the same rights to live there as the Arabs. It was never "Palestinian" land. So there can't have been any "colonization." Mr. Carter knows that, of course.

• Mr. Carter makes a great to-do about the "apartheid wall that snakes through of what is left of the West Bank." The purpose of this "wall," which is really a fence over most of its course, is to safeguard the Israeli populace from the marauding murder gangs that have terrorized Israel for years and have caused hundreds of victims. The fence has successfully done that. Mr. Carter knows that, of course.

• Mr. Carter focuses on Security Council Resolution No. 242, which calls for return of captured territories in exchange for peace, recognition, and secure boundaries. Nowhere does he mention that Israel accepted the Resolution and has fully complied with it. While not having returned *all* of those territories (the Resolution did not call for that), it has returned all of Gaza and, more important, the vast Sinai, with its strategic passes, its strategic port, its strategic expanse of a huge buffer zone, and the oil fields that Israel had developed. They yield over $1 billion in revenues per year, which would have made Israel independent of petroleum imports for the foreseeable future. And he does not mention that the Arab nations rejected Resolution 242 out of hand and instead issued their famous "three no's:" No peace, no recognition, and no negotiation with Israel. Mr. Carter knows that, of course.

• Mr. Carter blames Israelis for their lack of effort to compose their interminable differences with the Palestinians. But that is an outrageous lie. The Israelis have almost compulsively tried, time and time again, to find a solution to this never-ending problem. All of their efforts have faltered because of the racist and theocratic hatred that the Palestinians and Muslims have against the Jews, a hatred that nothing seems to assuage. One of the last memorable such efforts was in the last year of President Clinton's presidency, when he met with Mr. Arafat and with Ehud Barak, then prime minister of Israel. Mr. Barak declared his willingness to turn over 95% of the "West Bank" and the Arab quarter of Jerusalem to the Palestinians and to financial compensation to the "refugees." He did balk at allowing *all* of those so-called refugees – now miraculously swollen from the original 600,000 to 5 million – to "return" to Israel. It would (as intended) have meant the end of the Jewish state. Mr. Arafat left in a huff and started his second intifada, which has killed and maimed thousands on both sides. Mr. Carter knows that, of course.

• Space does not permit to give more examples of the lies, and omissions in Mr. Carter's malicious book. But there are certainly many, beginning with his not mentioning that in 1947 the United Nations advocated a division of the country into a Jewish and an Arab sector, with Jerusalem being internationalized. The Jews accepted that compromise; the Arabs rejected it and instead invaded Israel with five national armies. He does not mention that the largest contingent of Israelis are Jews expelled or forced to flee from their Arab home countries, where they had been living for centuries. Mr. Carter knows all of that, of course.

Mr. Carter was certainly one of our most ineffective presidents, comparable perhaps to Fillmore, Polk or Harding. But he was probably one of the most intelligent. It is therefore not likely that the lies, misstatements, and omissions in his book are the result of ignorance. They must be the result, therefore, of malevolence – against Israel and against the Jews.

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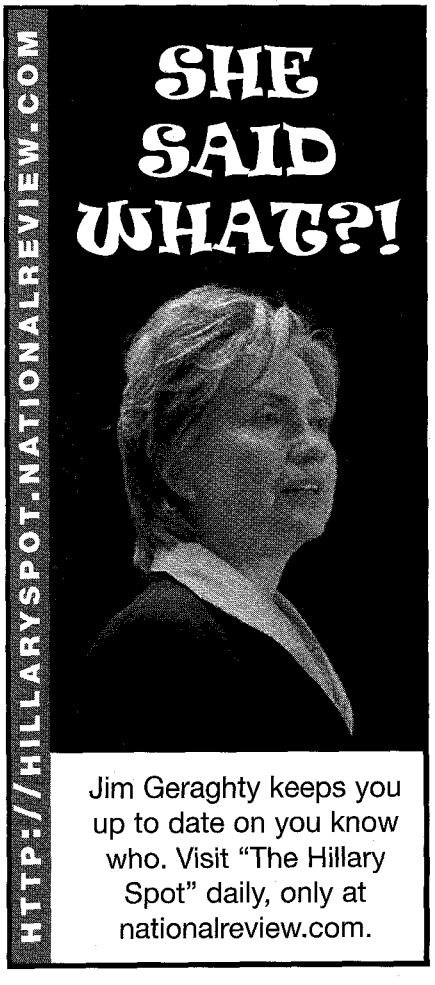
persuade them that all their difficulties, dissatisfactions, and failures result from the pervasive injustice of the society around them, especially when they are half-inclined already to believe in the total sufficiency of a rather primitive politico-religious outlook. The first injunction of multiculturalists and race-relations bureaucrats to all the minorities with whom they concern themselves, and from whom they derive their power and influence, is "Never look inwards; and no self-examination under any circumstances."

Of course, the multiculturalists and race-relations bureaucrats interpret the emergence of extremism in Britain as a need for more of their expert and beneficent ministrations, for they assume, or pretend to assume, that rage and anger are their own justification: Some Muslims are furious, so they must be right about something. This is nonsense, of course, if nonsense of a pervasive kind. We are often angriest with others when really we are angry with ourselves. **NR**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■ TRAVEL

Into Africa

To Timbuktu and back

ROB LONG

FINDING your way around Ouagadougou, the capital of Burkina Faso, should be easy to do. Wide, ramshackle boulevards radiate from plazas and monuments—this is French Africa, after all—and even the hovel-lined dirt alleys are organized into a relentless grid. Buzzards perch on top of the streetlamps that line the avenues, making you feel, as you drive down the street, like a float in a creepy parade.

The trouble starts at night. The milky layer of wood smoke and dust that during the day creates a bustling charm, at night becomes a vaguely alarming, eye-watering fog. And forget the street lamps. The best they'll do is flicker. So if you're driving around the city in a taxicab, as I was several weeks ago, with an address in your pocket for a place you were told showcases live music and cold beer, be prepared to drive around awhile.

I went to Africa for no real reason, except that a year ago I was offered a spot in a three-week odyssey through the Sahara and North Africa. We started with an ambitious itinerary—one that included Sudan and Libya—but settled, ultimately, after a lot of wrangling with unhelpful foreign diplomats, on a few key spots: Mali, Burkina Faso, Niger, and Algeria.

Africa, I'm here to tell you, is huge. Its immensity defies an easy summary, but if you're absolutely dead set on one, try this: The two continents currently in the news, Africa and Asia, have a key difference—Asia is an overpopulated mess quickly becoming powerful and scary, and Africa is an overpopulated mess quickly becoming powerless and scary. Thus, when Chinese president Hu Jintao recently made a cruise through Africa (his third), collecting chits for raw materials, distributing promises of investment and money, a collective shudder went through the Western foreign-policy establishment. If the Chinese—who, let's face it, know how to organize stuff—can organize Africa, can figure out a way to exploit its material riches without becoming embroiled in its chaotic, bloody politics, then we're all in for a very different 21st century from the one we're preparing for.

Of course, the first thing the Chinese will have to do is get the U.N. out. Everywhere I went—from the dusty squalor of Timbuktu, Mali, to the hustling trans-Saharan crossroads of Agadez, Niger—purposeful white U.N. vans darted about. It was hard to tell whether the U.N. vans are there because the place is a mess, or that the place is a mess because there are so many U.N. vans darting about, so many promises and programs and development schemes blowing around like sand. "I think we've finally got it right," an aid worker told me in Agadez, as we were sipping sweet Tuareg tea in a shop. "I think with the right combination of incentives and international aid, with strict oversight from organizations such as . . . " But by that time I had drifted away, busily buying some stunning Tuareg jewelry for people back home. I'm not sure which organizations he was going to name, but my guess is that they're already there, and already failing.

Africa is an overpopulated mess quickly becoming powerless and scary.

"Education is the key," another international-relief-organization worker told me, in the oasis village of Timia, Niger. Education is routinely cited by aid workers and Africa thinkers as a key solution to the continent's problems and outrages. Education and its opposite, cultural respect, are often twinned by those guys, who forget that to teach someone something important—how to build a well, say, or why female circumcision is a stupid idea, or that it's unlikely that your baby is possessed by demons—is to place oneself in a necessarily superior position. You can't really have it both ways.

"Education for women, especially," the relief worker continued, in a low whisper.

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We were standing in the chilly night, watching an exorcism.

Correct: an exorcism. Apparently, a week or so before, a young girl from the village had been possessed by demons, and the village turned out this night to chant, sing, drum, and generally mill around the blindfolded girl who sat in the center of a circle of other chanting, singing village girls. It was a party atmosphere. A *spooky* party atmosphere.

We stood along the edge of the circle, nodding respectfully at the unfolding event. Even with a full moon, the Saharan sky is spangled with stars; we could easily make out the stricken girl swaying and weaving to the drums, and as long as you didn't include the battered Toyota Land Cruiser in your field of vision, it could have been a sight from any time in the past 400 years. You could just as easily have been a French explorer from the 19th century, trudging across the desert toward Lake Chad.

Leaving Africa alone is something that for the past 400 years we simply have not been able to do.

In this part of Africa, the women do most of the work. They plant and harvest and toil in the oasis, get the water, do the cooking, raise the children. The men trade salt, or raid passing camel caravans—or at least they did, until about 1911. Since then they've been lounging around the village, ordering women around. Education, especially of women, is going to bring with it a lot of social upheaval. Luckily for the Tuareg men of Niger, at least, education efforts by the various NGOs in the region are spectacularly unsuccessful.

"They come, they build a well, they go," said my Italian guide sadly, "then six months later, we come back, the well is broken, nobody using it." He shrugged. "I am an optimist," he said. "But this . . . this is too much."

"But what can we do?" asked one of my traveling companions. "How can we help Africa?"

"You could just leave it alone," said our guide.

But leaving Africa alone is something that for the past 400 years we simply have not been able to do. The two most recent, most famous African tourists—Hu Jintao and Madonna—each went home with a culturally meaningful souvenir. Madonna followed in the footsteps of Victorian missionaries by sweeping up a baby and leaving a religious institution—in her case, not a spare Presbyterian schoolhouse but a Kabbalah-themed orphanage. And Hu, like some kind of Chinese Cecil Rhodes, brought home some mineral rights. President Hu probably made the wiser move. Africa has a way of confounding our better instincts.

None of which occurs to you when you're driving through the night streets of Ouagadougou, looking for cold beer and live music. When we arrive at the address we've been given, we find a small shed with four old men sitting outside by a camp stove. No music here, we're told. For music, we need to go a few streets over.

Which we do, but by that time it's pretty late—too late to really settle for recorded music, which is what we find at the next spot. But manning the DJ booth is a young man in a T-shirt extolling the virtues of Blaise Compaoré, the president of Burkina Faso. President Compaoré gives out T-shirts during election season, and this one, emblazoned with his face and a snappy slogan—"Blaise Compaoré! The choice of the young"—you see all over. Undeterred, we march over to the DJ booth and ask the kid where we can hear some live African music. He looks at us for a second and says, "I know where. I'll take you." And with that, he abandons his post at the turntables, shuts the music off mid-beat, hustles us through the crowd of (confused, disappointed) dancers, and leads us again through the streets of Ouagadougou.

We find music. Great, live, African music, washed down by cold African beer. There's dancing, international friendship, laughter, and no education whatsoever. The next day, when I describe the events to a French businessman who lives part of the year in Burkina Faso, he laughs. "So you were going to one place, then to another, and then to a third place which wasn't where you wanted to go originally, but you had fun?" I nodded. "Then, my friend, you had a perfectly African evening." **NR**

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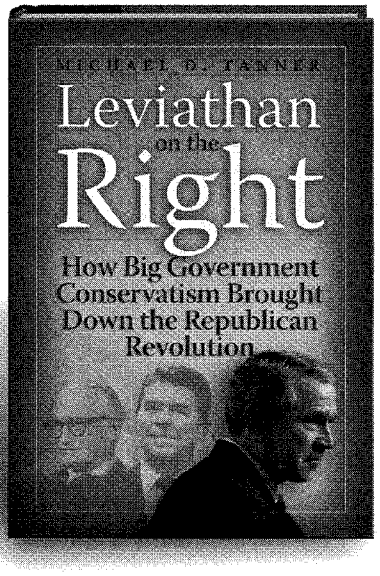

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More

The crying need for a bigger U.S. military

JIM TALENT

In 1979, the captain of the USS *Canisteo* refused to certify his ship as seaworthy, because, in his opinion, his men had not been adequately trained. It was the first time in 15 years that a U.S. Navy captain had refused to take his ship to sea. His courage, coupled with a blistering report about lack of military readiness authored by former defense secretary Melvin Laird, and followed in 1980 by the Desert One fiasco in Iran, made graphically clear that years of underfunding had left America's military "hollow." Like a freshly painted house with no plumbing or wiring inside, the military looked functional; but in reality, it was too poorly trained and equipped to be reliable.

At the time, America's resolution was already in question because of Vietnam and the weakness of foreign policy during the Carter years. It was no accident that by the end of President Carter's term the Soviets had invaded Afghanistan and the new regime in Iran had seized the American embassy in Tehran. America's enemies were reacting to her weakness like rats in a room where the lights had gone dim: They had come out of their holes and begun to probe, scouting for opportunities to advance their ambitions and threaten U.S. security.

President Reagan had no formal experience in foreign policy and no training in military affairs. But he understood the basic equation of world leadership: force plus resolve equals power. Despite the large budget deficits, President Reagan secured two immediate double-digit increases in the defense budget, followed by substantial increases for several years thereafter.

The effect was electric. Military morale skyrocketed. Training improved, and the Pentagon was able to recapitalize its "platforms"—the military term for ships, planes, and vehicles—with equipment that used the latest technology and was therefore less vulnerable and more lethal. The geriatric leaders of the USSR, who a few years before had dreamed of building a blue-water navy that could challenge the U.S., now realized that they were in a competition they could not possibly win: The "correlation of forces" was moving decisively in the direction of freedom. Throughout the rest of the 1980s, the reality of growing American power, coupled with Reagan's eloquence and conviction, forced the Soviets increasingly into a corner. Finally they threw in the towel. Only a few years later, America's newly empowered military paid another dividend: It provided the overwhelming force behind Operation Desert Storm. The strategic buildup Reagan initiated made possible the end of the Cold War, and the peace and prosperity that America enjoyed throughout the 1990s, and up until 9/11.

America is now reaching a decision point similar to the one Reagan faced in 1981, and it is important to understand clearly what is at stake. America is the defender of freedom in the world and therefore always a prime target for those who hate freedom. The progress of the international order toward peace and democracy depends on American power; and while the basket of Western foreign policy contains many tools, what underpins them all is a U.S. military that the world knows is capable of defeating threats swiftly and effectively.

Judged by this standard, the situation facing the U.S. military is grave. America's armed forces are, in one respect, better off than

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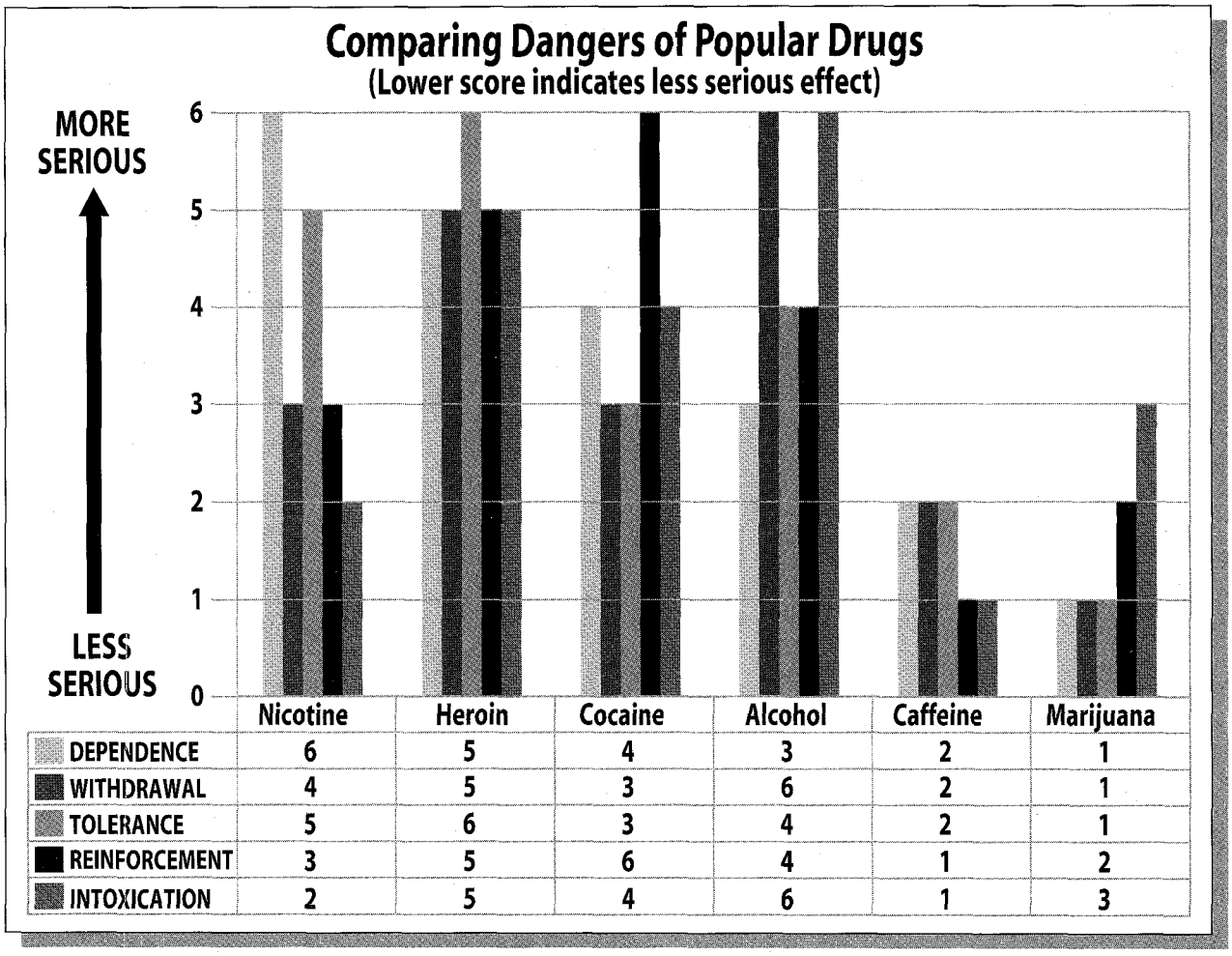
Do Our Drug Laws Focus on the Truly Dangerous Drugs?



	Nicotine	Heroin	Cocaine	Alcohol	Caffeine	Marijuana
DEPENDENCE	6	5	4	3	2	1
WITHDRAWAL	4	5	3	6	2	1
TOLERANCE	5	6	3	4	2	1
REINFORCEMENT	3	5	6	4	1	2
INTOXICATION	2	5	4	6	1	3

Does Jailing Marijuana Users Make More Sense than Jailing Coffee Drinkers?

Dependence: How difficult it is for the the user to quit, the relapse rate, the percentage of people who eventually become dependent, the rating users give their own need for the substance and the degree to which the substance will be used in the face of evidence that it causes harm. **Withdrawal:** Presence and severity of characteristic withdrawal symptoms. **Tolerance:** How much of the substance is needed to satisfy increasing cravings for it, and the level of stable need that is eventually reached. **Reinforcement:** A measure of the substance's ability, in human and animal tests, to get users to take it again and again, and in preference to other substances. **Intoxication:** Though not usually counted as a measure of addiction in itself, the level of intoxication is associated with addiction and increases the personal and social damage a substance may do.

Source: Dr. Jack E. Henningfield, Ph.D. for NIDA. Reported by: Philip J. Hilts, New York Times, Aug. 2, 1994 "Is Nicotine Addictive? It Depends on Whose Criteria You Use."

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in 1981. The volunteer force is a proven, mature, and successful model; America is protected by the finest servicemen and women in history. But because of decisions over the last 15 years—driven more by budgetary than by military considerations—the Army is too small, the Navy and Marine Corps may well be too small, and much of the equipment in all the services is too old and increasingly unreliable. Without a substantial increase in procurement spending, beginning now and sustained over the next five to ten years—an increase measured not in billions but in tens of billions of dollars per year above current estimates—the U.S. will be unable to modernize its forces to the degree necessary to preserve its security with the necessary margin of safety.

President Bush, to his credit, has submitted a budget for FY 2008 that begins to recognize the true requirements of American security. If the president has his way, defense spending will increase by more than 10 percent over last year. That is a hugely important first step, but it is not enough. Congress should give the president his request for defense this year—but both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue also need to adopt a rule that the core defense budget should never sink below 4 percent of the nation's GDP. The War on Terror will eventually end, but the need for American strength will not; there is no conceivable international scenario for the next generation that does not justify at least such a modest ongoing investment in the nation's security. As Reagan liked to say, "Of the four wars in my lifetime, none came about because America was too strong."

The situation facing the U.S. military is grave: The Army is too small, the Navy and Marine Corps may well be too small, and much of the equipment in all the services is too old and increasingly unreliable.

THE NECESSARY UPKEEP

The world today is, on balance, at least as dangerous as it was at the end of the Cold War. The U.S. is no longer in danger of a massive nuclear attack, nor is a major land war in Europe likely, but the threats we face are no less serious. America is engaged in a war against terrorism that will last for years. The danger of a rogue missile attack is greater than ever. China is emerging as a peer competitor much faster than most of us expected, and Russia's brief experiment with democracy is failing.

The "operational tempo" of American conventional forces—the number, intensity, and duration of their deployments—has increased since the end of the Cold War. Yet the forces were almost twice as big in 1992 as they are today. The active-duty Army was cut from 18 divisions during Desert Storm to ten by 1994—its size today. The Navy, which counted 568 ships in the late 1980s, struggles today to sustain a fleet of only 276. And the number of tactical air wings in the Air Force was reduced from 37 at the time of Desert Storm to 20 by the mid-1990s.

Modernization budgets also were cut substantially during the Clinton years, and procurement budgets were cut much further than the cuts in force size and structure warranted. In essence, the Clinton administration took a "procurement holiday" where the military was concerned. The contrast in the average annual procurement of major equipment in two periods—1975 to 1990 and 1991 to 2000—is startling. For example, the Pentagon purchased an average of 78 scout and attack helicopters each year from 1975 to 1990, and only seven each year from 1991 to 2000. An average of 238 Air Force fighters and five tanker aircraft were procured each year from 1975 to 1990, as against only 28 and one per year, respectively, from 1991 to 2000.

These dramatic reductions had profound implications. When older platforms are not replaced, readiness levels drop, and the cost of maintaining inventory climbs rapidly. By the end of the Carter years, the force had gone "hollow"; by the end of the Clinton years, it had begun to "rust," badly. The George W. Bush administration has increased procurement budgets, but nowhere near enough to make up for the 1990s. The average age of Air Force aircraft in 1973 was just nine years. Today, the average aircraft is 24 years old and aircraft-modernization funding has dropped by nearly 20 percent over the last 22 years.

The current force is too small and too old relative to the requirements of the official national military strategy. That strategy calls for a military capable of defending the homeland, sustaining four peacekeeping engagements, and fighting two large-scale regional conflicts at approximately the same time. The services today probably cannot execute even this strategy within an acceptable margin of risk. Certainly they will be unable to do so in the future unless the Army and probably the Marine Corps are made bigger and unless all the services have the money to recapitalize their major platforms with modern equipment.

For years, the Joint Chiefs have been under pressure from political authorities to reduce the budget below what they really need. So they have delayed new programs, reduced the number of new ships or planes they say they need, kicked crucial procurement decisions down the road, robbed Peter to pay Paul, and otherwise tried to avoid confronting the approaching crisis.

But the crisis is upon them, and us, now. The military is entering a crucial phase of recapitalization. Beginning with the next budget, and intensifying over the next five to ten years, the services are scheduled to field the new platforms that will anchor American security for the next generation. No one can say that this spending is not needed or that it can be delayed any further. The Army must modernize and replace almost its entire capital stock of fighting vehicles. The Navy must buy new DDG-1000 destroyers, ramp up procurement of Virginia-class submarines, and buy large numbers of littoral combat ships and the next-generation cruiser. The Air Force must buy its new superiority fighter,

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the F-22, as well as Joint Strike Fighters or equivalent aircraft. In addition, the Air Force must fund its strategic-airlift requirement, design and build a new tanker, and develop an interdiction bomber to replace the B-52, an aircraft almost 50 years old.

The current procurement budget for all three services is $81.3 billion. Simple budgetary mathematics shows that the services cannot possibly meet their crucial requirements without an average budget over the next five to ten years that is at least $30 billion higher per year.

The situation facing the Navy is representative of the dilemma facing all the services. Currently the Navy has 276 ships. Its shipbuilding plan calls for 326 ships by 2020, eventually reaching a fleet that averages 313 ships. The plan actually calls for a reduction in aircraft carriers, attack submarines, and major surface combatants, but makes up for this with modern destroyers, more capable submarines, pre-positioning ships that will allow us to build and defend "sea bases," and the whole new class of multi-mission modular vessels called littoral combat ships. There is no margin whatsoever in this plan; it is the minimum necessary for American security.

The chief of naval operations, the admiral who represents the Navy on the Joint Chiefs, has estimated that the plan will require an annual shipbuilding budget that averages $13.4 billion, almost $5 billion more than was spent on shipbuilding last year. His plan calls for that figure to increase to $17.5 billion by 2012. Most naval experts believe these figures are far too conservative. But it will be utterly impossible, at current levels of defense spending, for the Navy to reach and sustain even the $13.4 billion figure; the money simply is not there. Beginning no later than 2009, there will be a growing shortfall in the shipbuilding accounts, in addition to an annual shortfall of $1 to $2 billion per year in Navy aviation procurement.

The bottom line is that the Navy needs at least an $8 billion procurement increase per year above current estimates. The Marine Corps needs about $3 billion more per year. It is not necessary to go into great detail with regard to the budgetary picture for the Air Force and Army; the pain has been spread fairly evenly across the services, and all face roughly the same shortfalls. That equals a procurement deficit over the next ten years of at least $30 bil-

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The National Tragedy of the Supreme Court's Misjudgment on Obscenity

by Daniel Mark Cohen

When the Founding Fathers ratified the First Amendment, they chose to express the free speech provision in figurative terms: *"Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press."*

The same rule of law rendered literally is: *"Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of* [*the spoken word*]*, or the* [*printed word*]*."* Certainly, in adopting the First Amendment, the Founding Fathers did not mean: *"Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom to distribute photographs and motion pictures of women engaged in various acts of prostitution."* And yet, in effect, the latter proposition is precisely the rule of law established and upheld by the United States Supreme Court over the past five decades.

The First Amendment was conceived, composed, and ratified to protect *words*, the exclusive medium by which human beings translate political and social ideas into communicable language. That is to say, the word "speech" as used in the First Amendment is properly defined almost exclusively in terms of *words*. In contrast, *pictures* do not constitute a form of speech, although to the degree such images serve to advance political and social ideas, and so, appeal to a man's Reason, they are properly classified as a variant form of speech. The political cartoon, a unique hybrid of word and image, is the clearest example. But pornography, that is, photographic representations of women engaged in acts of prostitution, created to appeal, not to a man's Reason, but rather to excite and advance his sexual desire, is not a form of speech, and so, is not properly entitled to protection by the First Amendment. *at on-line bookstores*

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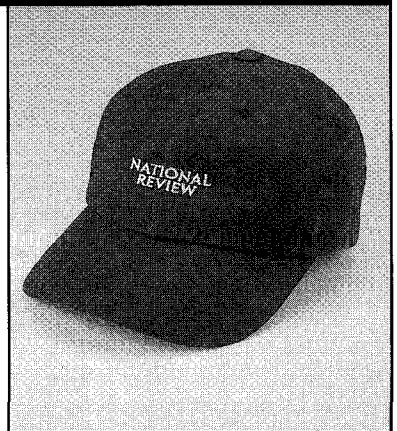

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lion per year. Most independent experts believe the number is even higher. For example, the Congressional Budget Office estimates that the shortfall, including expected increases in personnel costs, will be a minimum of $52 billion per year.

Add to this the fact that the active-duty Army is clearly too small. Even in an age of transformation and non-linear battlefields, America will always need the capacity to put boots on the ground. Particularly in the post-9/11 era, the U.S. needs the ability to carry on sustained, large-scale peacekeeping or low-intensity combat missions, without having to send the same units on three or four tours over the life of a mission. A nation of America's size and strength should not have to tie up essentially its whole active-duty Army, much of its Marine Corps, and many of its reserves in order to sustain 130,000 troops in the kind of low-intensity combat we are experiencing in Iraq.

In 1992, just after Desert Storm, the Pentagon stated a requirement of twelve active-duty Army divisions, before the increases in operational tempo of the 1990s and before the War on Terror. The Army should surely have at least twelve divisions today. To their credit, President Bush and defense secretary Robert Gates have proposed such an increase. It costs at least $2 billion to stand up and sustain an addition to the army of division strength, which means we need to invest about $4 billion per year or more in increased Army force structure, in addition to the $30 billion more in new procurement funding.

So to sustain our military at the level necessary to protect our security, we must increase procurement, personnel, and support spending by at least $34 billion above the FY 2007 budget. It may be possible to fund a small fraction of this increase from reforms in the rest of the defense budget. Congress typically adds $3 or $4 billion worth of earmarked appropriations every year. Some of those earmarks are actually warranted, but a dedicated effort to reduce those that aren't could produce $1 or $2 billion in savings per year. The cost of new programs has certainly spiraled—there are still $400 hammers floating around in the defense industry—and the right kind of procurement reform might reduce them somewhat.

The unstable and inadequate defense budgetary climate is itself a major reason program costs have increased. The Defense Department regularly projects what it intends to buy in the out years of its defense plan, but then institutes last-minute cuts, changes, and delays that allow it to meet annual budget targets but increase program costs in the long run. The Navy, for example, originally planned to buy a total of 32 DDG-1000s—the Navy's next-generation multi-mission destroyer. A few years later, Navy officials said the military requirements had dropped to only eight to twelve destroyers, and the most recent Navy plan now calls for a total of only seven. It is no coincidence that over the same period, due to the loss of economies of scale, the cost per destroyer has increased.

Those who understand the free market will not be surprised that the years of uncertainty and low defense budgets caused capital and companies to merge or leave the defense business. That means fewer competitors, more sole-source contracts, less research, and therefore higher costs.

The reality is that there is no huge pot of money currently in the defense budget from which the necessary increase can be funded. It cannot come from reducing the number of service personnel because the military is already too small. Precisely because of budget pressures in the past, the service chiefs have already reduced force structure to dangerous levels. That is why the Navy is "cross-decking" sailors—helicoptering them from a ship returning home to one that is steaming out to sea—in order to man all its vessels. Nor can the money come from reducing the compensation we pay our servicemen and women. Apart from the fact that Congress would and should never reduce compensation in the middle of a war, the services must hire and retain high-quality people. The more modern the military becomes, the more skills it demands, and skilled people cost money. There is no such thing as a "grunt" in today's military. The truth is that spending on personnel benefits is much more likely to increase than decrease. Total spending on defense health care, for example, increased from $17.5 billion in 2000 to $37 billion in 2006.

The more modern the military becomes, the more skills it demands, and skilled people cost money. There is no such thing as a 'grunt' in today's military.

WE CAN DO IT

The good news is that robust and consistent funding of the military is fully within America's capability. Currently the U.S. spends only 3.8 percent of its GDP on the core defense budget, including the non–Department of Defense expenditures for national security. That is far lower than during the Cold War, and almost a full percentage point less than was spent even during the Carter years. America's economy is so powerful that even after years of underfunding military procurement, the U.S. could still recapitalize and sustain its military strength by enacting the $34 billion increase I mentioned earlier, and maintaining defense spending at no less than 4 percent of GDP thereafter.

This program—called the "4% for Freedom Solution" by the Heritage Foundation—would send the clearest possible message to America's friends and enemies that, whatever happens in Iraq, America will remain a force to be reckoned with. For some purposes, defense policy is foreign policy. Imagine the impact on China and North Korea, for example, of realizing that the U.S., by using only a small fraction of its economic resources, can guarantee an increased and highly capable naval presence in the Western Pacific for years to come.

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The 4% for Freedom Solution would also have a positive impact on our long-term fiscal position. First, it would focus debate about the deficit squarely where it belongs: on the entitlement programs. Even a glance at the government's budget shows that growth in entitlement programs, not in defense or other discretionary spending, poses the real long-term threat to solvency. If Congress reforms entitlement spending, there will be more than enough money for defense; if Congress fails to get entitlements under control, then funding defense on the cheap will not save the country from bankruptcy.

Second, assuring sufficient funding for defense would promote more efficient use of defense dollars. Capital would flow back into the defense industrial base, and the service chiefs could attempt what in Washington has heretofore been unthinkable: long-term planning. They could budget in a way that reduces costs over the life of new systems, instead of fighting each other for money every year, or maneuvering each budget cycle just to keep vital programs alive. President Bush's proposed double-digit increase *is* welcome news; but large swings in defense funding always cost the taxpayer more than solid, consistent funding over time.

Finally, American power is an important stabilizing force in the world; by reassuring the financial markets about American strength, the 4% for Freedom Solution would help reduce risk within the international economy and promote economic growth at home and abroad. Even a small positive impact on the economy would more than pay for the additional investment in military capability. How much would it be worth economically, for example, to reduce the risk that China invades Taiwan, or Kim Jong Il is tempted to use his nuclear capability? The peace and prosperity of the 1990s, remember, were due at least in part to the Reagan defense buildup of the 1980s. The Reagan precedent is also the answer to those who are concerned about the short-term impact of the 4% for Freedom Solution on the deficit. It is true that military strength has its price, but as Jimmy Carter found out, there is a price to be paid for weakness, too.

President Bush's recent defense-budget submission is the best news for American security in 15 years. The Democratic leaders should fully fund it, and the administration deserves credit for proposing it. But it would not have been necessary if the Clinton administration had not cut defense spending in the 1990s, or if the first George W. Bush administration had more robustly funded the needs that were clearly apparent even in 2001. By adopting the "4% for Freedom Solution," our leaders can show that for once they have learned the lessons of the past. There never will be a war that ends all wars; history has shown that, even in years where threats do not seem immediate, the dangers remain—and only the reality and perception of American power can deter them from breaking out. **NR**

■ THE WORLD

Fever in the Alps

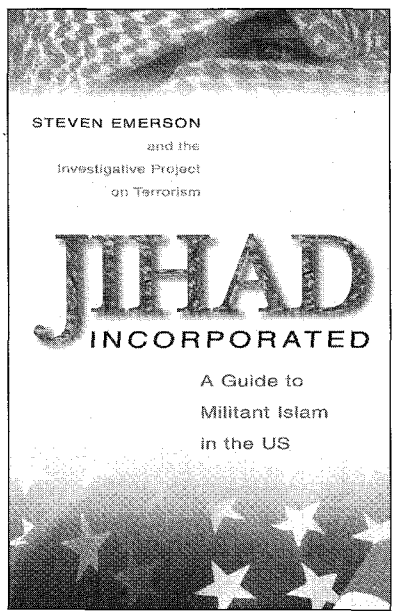
Global elites and global warming

JAY NORDLINGER

Davos, Switzerland

EVERY year, the Annual Meeting of the World Economic Forum has a theme, and this year it's "The Shifting Power Equation." But the real theme here in Davos is global warming—it's on everyone's lips, and everyone's brain. There are 17—17!—separate sessions on global warming, or, as you're supposed to call it, "climate change" (because "climate change" covers everything under the sun). You have "The Security Implications of Climate Change," "The Economics of Climate Change," "The Legal Landscape Around Climate Change," etc., etc. And if you're still feeling climate-changey after hours, you can attend the Climate Change Nightcap, whose hosts include Shimon Peres, the Israeli elder statesman, and Claudia Schiffer, the German supermodel.

Oh, yes, the great and the good attend the meeting, as always. We have heads of government, like Tony Blair, Angela Merkel, and Lula (just one name, please), and captains of industry, like Bill



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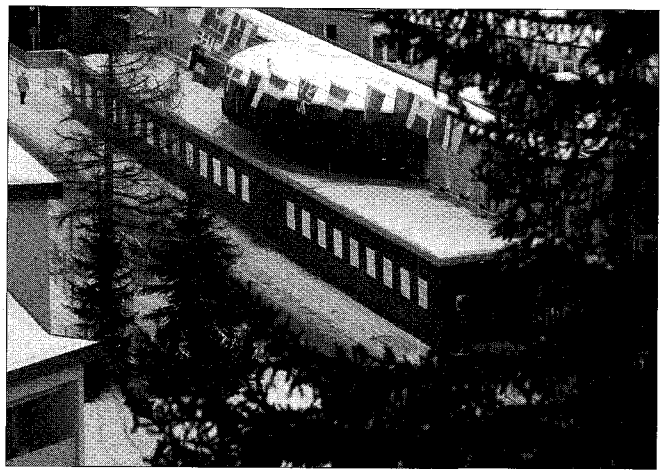
Gates, Michael Dell, and Sergey Brin (the Google guy), and some wild cards, like Anatoly Karpov, the chess master, and Maxim Vengerov, the violinist, and Robert Trent Jones Jr., the golf-course architect.

But no matter who you are, you are deeply, deeply concerned about climate change, or at least pretend to be. Early on the first day, I find myself on a panel with Arianna Huffington, the Greek-born writer and doyenne of the L.A. Left (which is to say, of L.A.). She says that debate about global warming has now ended. Television no longer pits one person arguing for global warming against another person who says no, sir. The question is settled.



A view of Davos's Congress Center

I'm afraid I agree with this, although I don't think the shutting off of debate is to be welcomed. A little dissent here would be helpful. The global-warming people have scored a great lexical and rhetorical coup in calling skeptics, or dissenters, "deniers." This is parallel to "Holocaust deniers," and, speaking of them, they are reigning supreme in Tehran, openly planning the second holocaust, even as they dismiss the first. I am hardly the first to make this point, but it should be made more often. And, in Davos, there is much more concern about climate change than there is about a nuclear Iran.

Indeed, you hear, from many lips, that Ahmadinejad is just a blowhard, that he has no real power, that the relevant mullahs are more reasonable, and the subtext is that Iran is being used as an excuse for Bushian-Zionist belligerence.

There is no doubt that conservatives and other misfits are on the defensive about global warming. I see a column in the *Financial Times* by Gideon Rachman, and the column is headed, "How Iraq and climate change threw the right into disarray." Here is its second paragraph:

> From 1979 [when Thatcher was elected] to 2004, the right won the battle of ideas in the western world. Conservatives triumphed because they got the two big issues of the era right: they were in favour of free markets and against communism. But now the right is in disarray because it has found itself on the wrong side of the two dominating issues in contemporary western politics: global warming and the Iraq war.

Is that so? Iraq aside, I wonder whether global warming will be the death of us, and I mean, in a political sense. Between panels, I talk to a World Economic Forum official, good-natured. I express some disbelief at all the attention to climate change. It seems to me a spectacular example of groupthink, not to say hysteria. He says—good-naturedly—"Oh, come on, Jay! Don't tell me you still don't believe in global warming!"

Well, "believe" is an interesting word. I relate to him a little personal history: I grew up during the coming ice age, when we were in for a terrible freeze—there would be cross-country skiing in Miami. We also had the population scare. Remember population? It was the global warming of its time. Our planet was being choked off, because there were too many people—too many mouths to feed, too many bodies to care for. Population was the enemy. And responsible people were having only one child, or, preferably, none. The phrase "population control" was on everyone's lips.

Then, sometime in the 1990s, I began hearing about a "birth dearth." And—come to think of it—I haven't heard the phrase "population control" in years.

My point is, I, and my contemporaries, came of age in a period of environmental alarums—various and successive ones. And, for the rest of one's life, that makes one a wee bit wary of jumping on bandwagons. Besides which, you have to wonder about the motivations of some global-warmingists, who seem as eager to punish the "greedy" American economy as they do to nurse the earth. I suggest the following, when talking to my World Economic Forum friend: It could be that global warming is, in fact, an impending disaster, and that mankind must take radical steps to save itself—just as everyone here says. Or it could be that future generations will look back at us and say, "What in the world were they smoking?"

BLOVIATION AND DESERTIFICATION

But no such skepticism—"denial"—is heard in Davos's Congress Center, where a German conservative, Chancellor Merkel, has the floor. She cites the Club of Rome, approvingly—I had always thought of them as something of an embarrassment—and warns of encroaching "desertification." But she says that, to be green, you don't have to "limit growth"; you need only to grow responsibly. And I think this is one of Merkel's best characteristics: responsibleness.

A few hours later, I moderate a dinner panel, and the theme is storytelling—specifically, "Getting the Message Across with a Story." Several business moguls speak of advertising, and how to do it effectively, but many people want to talk about global warming. They can't help themselves; the subject is simply unstoppable. One participant says he knows of someone who fears he will never be a grandfather . . . because of global warming. Not because the Jihad will snuff us all—well, many of us—but because of global warming. I find it hard to keep still, marveling at the fever that has gripped this illustrious audience. It seems a millenarian fever.

And someone has forwarded me an article, via the Internet: It was published in *The Journal of Affective Disorders*, and it is titled "Global warming possibly linked to an enhanced risk of suicide: Data from Italy, 1974-2003." Really.

As the dinner winds down, I am grateful to one mogul who says all the right things about global warming—meaning, the politically correct things: This is a terrible threat, we all must adjust our behavior, etc. But he adds, as a kind of coda, that, last year in Davos, the big topic was bird flu—and "I've heard no mention whatever of it this year." Quite so.

YOSHIKO KUSANO

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Behind the scenes, some of us doubters—skeptics, deniers—get together and compare notes. An official from the Bush administration says that she has been accosted on global warming wherever she has gone. The line is, "Why is the United States letting the rest of the planet burn?" She has not disguised her heterodoxy, or heresy. One fancy lady said to her, "But haven't you seen Al Gore's movie?" The Bushie said no. The fancy lady said to her, not with malice, but like she was a pathetic, ignorant child, "Oh, you must learn, dear. I'll send the movie to you."

A friend of mine says that he attended a crowded session on the meeting's (official) theme: "The Shifting Power Equation." Global warming was not among the topics to be discussed. And the participants revolted—forcing the moderator to include it. They then judged global warming to be the single most important issue facing the world. They did this by actual votes.

As my friend tells it, one brave woman, perhaps Indian, got up and expressed amazement that Davos should be so "enamored" with global warming. And that word "enamored" provoked gasps. I would like to find the woman and throw some kind of medal around her neck.

A third doubter—more like a realist—tries to find a comparison to the 1930s. Today, the obvious and global danger is militant Islam. The wolf is not only at the door, it is in some cases already in the house. And yet the world—certainly as represented by Davos (a pretty good representative)—is obsessed with global warming. In the 1930s, as the Axis built, were they perhaps worried about the quality of lakes?

In due course, we all receive a bulletin in our Davos e-mail: CLIMATE CHANGE: MAKE DAVOS GREENHOUSE GAS NEUTRAL. The notice goes on to say,

> Climate Change is at the centre of our discussions [no kidding], and you can act now. Please consider compensating your greenhouse gas emissions related to participating in the Annual Meeting in Davos.
>
> This is possible with 1 click at any kiosk or at the Davos Climate Alliance desk.
>
> Many thanks for your help.

In other words, you can contribute to an anti-global-warming fund in order to relieve your guilt at having used, for example, an airplane. I put this in Jacksonian terms (I mean Jesse, not Andrew): Don't be emittin' without remittin'. Later, Kevin Schmiesing of the Acton Institute will write that these remissions remind him of the indulgences of old, whereby you washed away your sins by your financial contributions. The notorious German friar Johann Tetzel (allegedly) said, "As soon a coin in coffer rings, the soul from purgatory springs." (He was a rhymer too, at least in English translation.) And more than a few of us have described a certain kind of environmentalism as a modern religion.

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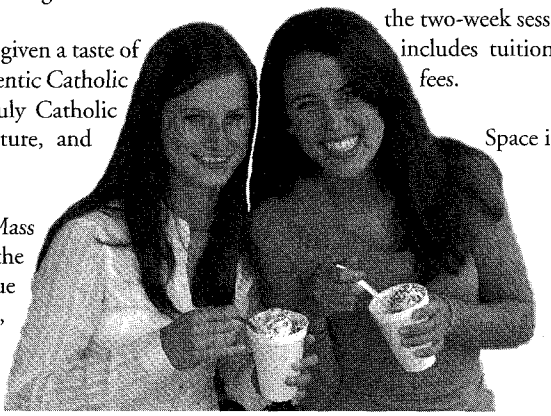

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BRITISH ACCENTS

Have you heard, by the way, about Prince Charles? He canceled his trip to Klosters—the next town over from Davos—where he has long skied. The reason was, he wanted to reduce his "carbon footprint." The prince would be a natural Davos attendee, in that he has declared global warming "the biggest threat to mankind."

Speaking of Brits, David Cameron, MP for Witney, is here. He is the new leader of the Conservative party, and thus a successor, in this sense, to Winston Churchill. And he is a firm, firm global-warming man (Cameron, I mean, not Churchill). He tells a group of us journalists that the "big question" is, "Are we going to act before it's too late?" He believes that Americans are finally waking up to this threat, as evidenced by the reelection of Arnold Schwarzenegger in California. Obviously, Cameron is not a student of American politics, or at least of California. But Schwarzenegger is an American hero in Davos, because he has made all the right moves on global warming. Cameron further says that enlightened politicians are trekking to Norway, "to see the importance of climate change firsthand." He himself has, and so have Hillary Clinton and John McCain.

As he continues with us, Cameron speaks of "green growth" and "green outcomes" and "gas-guzzling cars." No one in this town—this pretty Swiss village up in the Alps—can out-climate-change him, and that's saying something.

But the British prime minister, Mr. Blair, does fairly well. Giving a speech in the Congress Center, he calls global warming "a moral cause." And he, too, praises Schwarzenegger, and also McCain, who is in attendance. McCain, says Blair, has "driven the agenda forward in the United States." Soon, McCain himself is onstage, driving the agenda forward. He says, "I bring you good news"—and that news is that Congress will probably act quickly on global warming, and that the administration is coming along, too. "I freely admit to you that it's very late and may not be enough, but I think that for the first time there may be some action on this very important issue."

My sense is that McCain's global-warming passion is almost enough to make Davos forgive him for the Iraq War. In this, he is not unlike Tony Blair.

Some days later, the lights go out all over Europe, but not in the way Sir Edward Grey meant: Frenchmen make the Eiffel Tower go dark, Italians make the Colosseum go dark, and Greeks make their parliament go dark, all in protest of climate change. I can't help feeling we're witnessing some large, end-of-the-world cult. The splendid British journalist Charles Moore, writing in *The Spectator*, has the same feeling:

> Now and again, one reads little news stories about sects which, believing that the end of the world is nigh, gather on a hill in Montana or in a car park in Geneva to await the Last Day, and then, when nothing happens, rather sheepishly go home. The same embarrassment threatens those environmentalists who say that if we fail to reverse greenhouse gas emissions now, it will be too late (latest Sunday Times headline: 'Last warning: 10 years to save world'). What will they do when the planet stubbornly refuses to die?

They will go on to the next cause, with nary a backward glance. Another Davos, another theme. **NR**

■ ESSAY

Huxley's Period Piece

Brave New World turns 75

JOHN DERBYSHIRE

THIS year marks the 75th birthday of Aldous Huxley's novel *Brave New World*, first published in February 1932. That novel became one of the most discussed works of literature of the 20th century. Its title, which Huxley took from Shakespeare's play *The Tempest*, has passed into the language—from Huxley, not from Shakespeare—as a descriptor for any development, or any imagined future, based on biotechnological attempts to enhance or transform human nature, or even just nature. In vitro fertilization? Brave new world! Stem-cell research? Brave new world! Genetically modified crops? Brave new world! The title of Huxley's novel has become a scare phrase brandished at any intervention by science in the fundamental processes of life. Is this fair to the book? Does the book have anything useful to tell us, or any warning to give us, as we peer into our own future?

Brave New World takes place in the 26th century. The planet is unified and at peace, its affairs managed by ten regional Controllers. Marriage, childbirth, and family life have been abolished, along with all kinds of suffering—even such minor kinds as disappointment and frustration. Also gone are the nation-state, war, religion, ethnicity, and all profound art and literature. Disease has been banished. Old age too, very nearly: Citizens are healthy, vigorous, and attractive until about age 60, when they decline quickly to death. Everyone lives in a state of contented hedonism, assisted by regular doses of soma, a freely available narcotic with no side- or after-effects. Sex is promiscuous and recreational, with universal free access to contraception and abortion.

The necessary work of society is carried out via a system of castes, with bright and capable Alphas at the top, dimwitted Epsilons at the bottom. Caste is determined in the Hatcheries, where good-quality eggs and sperm are mated to produce Alphas. Inferior zygotes are assigned to the lower castes and cloned, their assembly-line gestation then deliberately retarded to bring them down to the appropriate mental ability for the work of their caste. The production of well-adjusted citizens is completed in the Conditioning Centers via aversion therapy and hypnopaedia (that is, sleep-learning). All this is accomplished so successfully that society is well-nigh self-regulating. The Controllers, though in theory possessed of despotic powers, in fact have very little to do.

In remote areas of the world there are a few reservations where life goes on in the old way, with mating and childbirth, sickness and violence. Twenty-odd years before the story opens, a couple from the "civilized" outer world, an Alpha man and a Beta Minus woman he has just impregnated, visit one of these reservations. The

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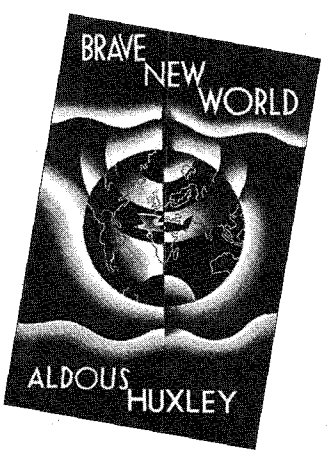
woman gets lost. The man, failing to find her, returns to the outer world. The woman settles on the reservation and gives birth to a son. This son, John the Savage, eventually comes to the outer world himself, and the main argument of the book—for *Brave New World* is as much argument as story—contrasts John's outlook with that of the "normal" citizens.

Brave New World was one of two great visions of the future as imagined by two Englishmen who came to maturity in the early years of the 20th century. Huxley, born in 1894, was the older of the two. George Orwell, younger by nine years, was of course the author of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, which described a future quite different from Huxley's, and much nearer to the author's own time.

In the later 20th century it was common for high-school seniors to be told to read both Huxley's book and Orwell's, then to write an essay comparing the two visions and passing an opinion on which future was more probable. I recall doing this myself. Some dichotomies came easily to mind. Orwell was thinking about the 1940s USSR; Huxley, about the 1920s USA. (The novel was perceived by many as anti-American, and was reviewed less favorably here than in England.) In Orwell's dystopia the human spirit had been raped; in Huxley's, it had been seduced . . . And so on.

The general opinion was that Huxley's imagined future was more probable than



In vitro fertilization? Brave new world! Stem-cell research? Brave new world! Genetically modified crops? Brave new world!

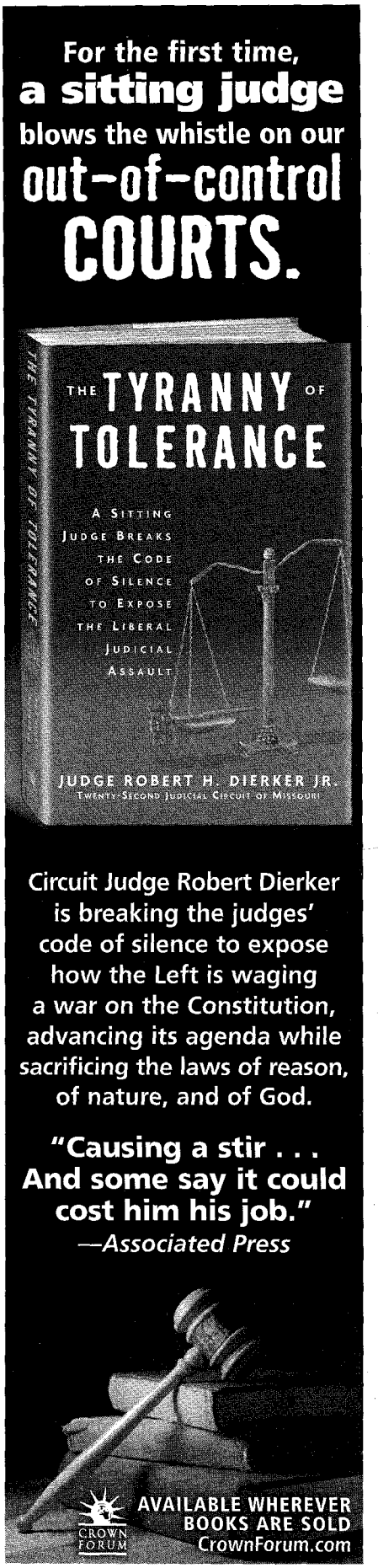
Orwell's. This was especially the case after the fall of the USSR and the end of the Maoist despotism in China had cast doubt on the idea that a terroristic totalitarianism of the *Nineteen Eighty-Four* type could sustain itself indefinitely (a doubt perhaps not shared by the citizens of Cuba or North Korea). The new understanding of genetics brought by Watson and Crick's analysis of DNA, followed by the work of Trivers, Hamilton, and Wilson on the evolutionary underpinnings of behavior, also turned people's thoughts toward a future in which human nature was manipulated, rather than brutalized, into submission.

COMPARISONS

Now, from our longer perspective, the similarities of the books are more striking than their differences. Both show human beings bereft of liberty. Both show a coarse popular culture triumphant—the propaganda movies, machine-written novels, and vapid pop songs of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, the "feelies" and electromagnetic golf of *Brave New World*. Most telling, both portray static, "end of history" worlds, in which all change has ceased, along with the quest for knowledge.

In a letter dated September 15, 1931, when he must have been finishing up *Brave New World*, Huxley wrote:

> I have been very much preoccupied with a difficult piece of work—a Swiftian novel about the Future, showing the horrors of Utopia and the strange and appalling effects on feeling, "instinct" and general *weltanschauung* of the application of psychological, physiological and mechanical knowledge to the fundamentals of human life. It is a comic book—but seriously comic.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The word "Utopia" there would have been taken by any literate person of the time to refer to the later works of H. G. Wells, especially the 1923 novel *Men Like Gods*, in which a party of Englishmen is accidentally transported into a parallel world run on Wellsian principles, a "universal scientific state" actually named Utopia, where all are made happy and well-adjusted via free love, eugenics, and enlightened education.

Wells, born in 1866, was of the generation before Huxley and Orwell, a generation for which unbounded late-Victorian scientific optimism was still possible. The younger writers, speaking from the dissolution and pessimism that followed World War I, understood that there was something wrong with Wells's dream of progress and harmony under benevolent technocratic elites, and were intent on telling us what that something was.

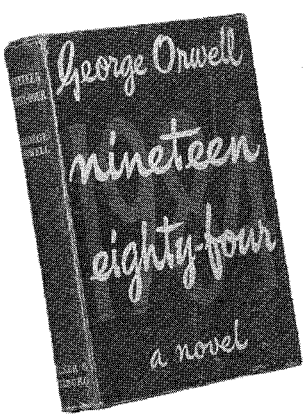
All three of these books—Wells's, Huxley's, and Orwell's—contain a dialectical passage in which the central issues of these imagined worlds are batted back and forth between a skeptical "normal" man of the author's time and a proponent of the new order. In *Men Like Gods*, one of the Englishmen accuses a Utopian of having thrown out the baby with the bathwater: "Life on earth was, he admitted, insecure, full of pains and anxieties, full indeed of miseries and distresses and anguish, but also, and indeed by reason of these very things, it had moments of intensity, hopes, joyful surprises, escapes, attainments, such as the ordered life of Utopia could not possibly afford." This being Wells, the Utopian easily swats down these antique cavils.

In *Nineteen Eighty-Four* the equivalent metaphysical exchange is between Winston Smith and O'Brien in the Ministry of Love: "Does Big Brother exist?" "Of course he exists. The Party exists . . . " Etc.

Huxley's dialectic comes at the end of Chapter 17 in *Brave New World*. Mustapha Mond, the Controller for Western Europe, is in conversation with John the Savage, who knows his Shakespeare:

> "Exposing what is mortal and unsure to all that fortune, death and danger dare, even for an egg-shell. Isn't there something in that?" [John] asked, looking up at Mustapha Mond. "Quite apart from God—though of course God would be a reason for it. Isn't there something in living dangerously?"
>
> "There's a great deal in it," the Controller replied. "Men and women must have their adrenals stimulated from time to time."
>
> "What?" questioned the Savage, uncomprehending.
>
> "It's one of the conditions of perfect health. That's why we've made the V.P.S. treatments compulsory."
>
> "V.P.S.?"
>
> "Violent Passion Surrogate. Regularly once a month. We flood the whole system with adrenin. It's the complete physiological equivalent of fear and rage. All the tonic effects of murdering Desdemona and being murdered by Othello, without any of the inconveniences."
>
> "But I like the inconveniences."
>
> "We don't," said the Controller. "We prefer to do things comfortably."

It is at about this point that the reader of *Brave New World* finds himself, at least momentarily, wondering just what, exactly, is wrong with life in the World State. Every citizen is happy, safe, and employed in work suitable to his abilities. Whatever need human beings may have for danger and excitement can be satisfied by a shot of Violent Passion Surrogate. Such minor forms of unhappiness as might arise can be banished with a gram of soma. What's not to like? The philosophical issues here are nontrivial.



Huxley and Orwell offered fantasies of stasis—really just sour versions of the ancient millenarian dream: the City of the Sun, the Great Harmony, Developed Socialism, Year Zero . . .

A less disturbing question is whether, in fact, this degree of manipulation of human nature is possible. Almost certainly it is not. The notion that by careful breeding and sufficiently intensive conditioning you can get people to behave in any way at all is very mid-20th-century. The modern view of human nature, being gradually uncovered by researches in evolutionary genetics and neuroscience, is more earthily biological. Our brains appear to have been structured by the rigors of natural selection to believe and desire certain things, and not certain other things. The human personality is not infinitely malleable: The Old Adam is hard-wired into it, and no amount of conditioning can reliably expel him. Men *cannot* be like gods.

This suggests that the power structure of the World State, and of its Wellsian and Orwellian equivalents, is unstable. C. S. Lewis made this point in *The Abolition of Man*: "I am inclined to think that the Conditioners will hate the conditioned." (Lewis was not writing about Huxley's book, though he must have had it in mind.) He was surely right. The urge to power would likely survive even into a world like Huxley's, in which there is little need for the Controllers to exercise power. They would become corrupted in any case, as the Inner Party of Orwell's nightmare world would, as human beings always will, so long as they are recognizably human.

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ANSWERS

What, then, are the answers to the questions I started out with? Is it fair to Huxley's book to attach its title to our fears about biotechnology? Does *Brave New World* have anything to tell us about our own future?

I would answer both questions in the negative. While it is certainly conceivable that a ruthlessly despotic state might turn biotechnology to malign uses, the general trend of biotechnological advance in our time is to expand the sphere of human liberty. Ronald Bailey has spelled this out in his excellent book *Liberation Biology*. Longer lifespans; the conquest of disease; transplants from limbs and organs grown in vitro; "designer babies"—every one of these developments ought to be welcomed by free citizens in a free society.

Even for those who would dispute Bailey's optimism, the biotechnology of Huxley's world is not very relevant. When the mass-production assembly line was a new thing, the cloning of low-caste embryos might have made some economic sense. In the robotized factories of today, it would not. Even less relevant to present-day concerns is hypnopaedic suggestion, the key method of socialization in *Brave New World*. The problem here is that hypnopaedic suggestion does not, and cannot, work. The sleeping brain is simply not receptive to learning.

The only feature of Huxley's World State that resonates today is the widespread use of soma to relieve psychic discomfort. Any pharmacist will tell you that mild antidepressants are among his best-moving items. This is still some way from *Brave New World*, though. Soma-strength narcotics can be obtained by any American who wants them badly enough. Few do. The 1960s call to "turn on, tune in, drop out" had little appeal or staying power. Lotus-eating is not actually very popular. Most of us would rather remain engaged with life. (Though Huxley himself answered the 1960s siren call in his last hours. Dying from cancer, he asked for, and was given, LSD, and died under the influence.)

Taking *Brave New World* to be a cautionary tale about the perils of scientific inquiry is even more wrongheaded. While Huxley's dystopia depends on some minor technological advances, its spirit is essentially anti-scientific. The author, who knew his science—he was the grandson of T. H. Huxley, the great Victorian biologist—makes this plain. "Every change is a menace to stability," the Controller tells the Savage in their dialogue. "Every discovery in pure science is potentially subversive." Huxley's imagined world, like Orwell's, is static. We are not being shown the perils of letting science march on indefinitely, so much as the perils of letting science march forward a short distance, then stop forever.

In this respect, the Utopians in H. G. Wells's *Men Like Gods* are, for all their icy Houyhnhnmish complacency, at least dynamic; they are planning the conquest of outer space, for instance. Huxley and Orwell offered fantasies of stasis—really just sour versions of the ancient millenarian dream: the City of the Sun, the Great Harmony, Developed Socialism, Year Zero, the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

Brave New World is at last a period piece. Huxley could not know what a disaster the command economy, first field-tested in World War I, would turn out to be. He glimpsed the vision of managerial elites indifferent to ideology—the elites described in detail by James Burnham a decade later, and given fictional flesh in Orwell's 1949 masterpiece. In most of the world, however, those elites found that the assumption of total power, far from advancing their interests, was ultimately fatal to them, and they came to a quiet understanding with constitutional democracy or some rough approximation thereof.

Huxley and Orwell were men of their place and time. They both had memories of the old order in England—the era of casual liberty and minimal government that ended with what people of their generation called the Great War. As the golden glow of that memory faded, and the mid-century shadows lengthened, they looked with fear and despair to an age without liberty.

Their fears were misplaced. Somehow we have held on to our old freedoms. If we keep our wits about us, we may carry them forward intact into the future—a future in which, 75 years from now, our current fears of eco-catastrophe, biotech disasters, and nuclear terrorism may seem as quaint as soma, the Hatcheries, and the College of Emotional Engineering. **NR**

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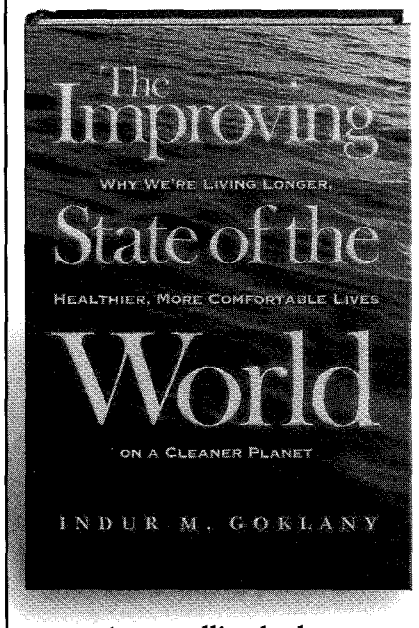

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the bent pin

FLORENCE KING

Our Last Nerve

AMONG the intimacies that used to be saved for marriage were the words, "If you do that one more time I'll scream." Nerve-wracking, however, is not what it used to be. Our era of overexposed celebrities has turned us into molar-grinding practitioners of promiscuous irritation aimed at people we don't even know.

An epidemic of incipient screams currently surrounds Rachael Ray, one of the cooks from Food Network, whose recent consecration by Pope Oprah has resulted in so much overnight world-class fame that her face is on everything but the cover of *Tool & Die Quarterly*. TV is now all Rachael, all the time. There's her cooking show, her eating show where she samples restaurants, her own talk show, guest appearances on other people's talk shows, books, book tours, and so many tie-ins and endorsements that she's all over the commercials too.

She's 38, looks 18, and acts 12, which is why I stopped watching her original midday show, *30 Minute Meals*. There was the giggle, the rushing around, and her practice of assembling all her ingredients in a single trip from fridge to stove, and then wobbling across the kitchen, nearly dropping everything, grinning and yelling "Whoa!"

I thought I was just being old and crotchety, but then I discovered the "I Hate Rachael Ray" blog, whose Gen-X contributors hate her so much that they watch her shows so they can hate her some more. Far from the obscene churls found on many blogs, they come across as a bold anti-Oprah underground armed with a sense of the absurd, ready to do battle against the cult of mediocre celebrity.

They also have the cadences of contemporary insult down pat. Their Rachael is a "perky demented food chipmunk," which is in a class with cheese-eating surrender monkeys. They have nicknamed her Retch, Rectal, and The Raytarded; called her "a banshee on amphetamines" and a "freakazoid"; compared her laugh to a bicycle horn and her mouth to the Joker's in *Batman*: "She never stops with the crazy pathological smile."

What will make them scream if she does it one more time? That's easy. She abbreviates extra-virgin olive oil to "EVOO"—and then explains, "That's extra-virgin olive oil." She does this without fail every single time so there's a lot of screaming on the blog: "Why, dear God, why does she keep SPELLING OUT AN ABBREVIATION!!!"

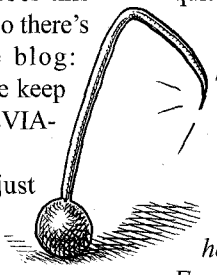
One blogger wrote: "She just poured the penne into the water and said, 'let's get the kids into the hot tub.' I think I've lost it. I can't take it anymore." Another told of opening his utility bill and finding the company's helpful little monthly brochure, which always contains recipes: "Guess whose? Yup, The 'Tard's." Some recoiled at the names she gives her recipes ("I call this one the Gutbuster because you can't stop eating it!"). Another, who could no longer bring himself to go to the grocery store, issued a cry for help: "Please let me know when her fugly mug disappears from Nabisco products."

So many of the things Rachael Ray does got on my nerves that I never could decide which one would make me scream, but other celebrities have been easier to pinpoint. Following the disappearance of Natalee Holloway at the probable hands of Joran van der Sloot meant spending an entire year listening to Greta Van Susteren say: "Where is Urine now? . . . Did Urine hold anything back? . . . Urine left a trail."

At least she said it with a straight face—the only kind she has. A tin-eared lawyer with the sense of humor of a drugged sloth, Greta will never soup up your nerves with a raucous bellylaugh that goes straight through you, rips out your spinal cord, and threads it through every tooth in your head until you feel like Dustin Hoffman in *Marathon Man*. For that you need my Nemesis, Norah O'Donnell.

She wasn't always my Nemesis. Once, she was the reason why MSNBC became my favorite channel. I thought, and still think, she's the most beautiful woman on television. News aside, looking at her is an aesthetic experience, and for me, a girlhood fantasy come true as well, because she looks more like Scarlett O'Hara than Vivien Leigh.

When I first read the book, I hadn't seen the movie yet but I knew Leigh was in it, and I also knew she didn't quite fit the description. Leigh was the epitome of beauty and patrician delicacy, but as the author says in the opening sentence, *Scarlett O'Hara was not beautiful* . . . Why? *In her face were too sharply blended the delicate features of her mother, a coast aristocrat of French descent, and the heavy ones of her florid Irish father.*



Norah O'Donnell was a little earthier, a little sturdier, just right. The real Scarlett O'Hara had stood up, and she was perfect.

And then she started that god-awful laughing.

She didn't do it when she was just a reporter because she didn't get the chance. It has only been since she started anchoring and sitting around the desk with the fellas that the urge to chortle, guffaw, yelp, and bark has come over her. It's the kind of laugh that belongs in an 1890s saloon with a brass rail and strategically placed spittoons but no Ladies Entrance, and if she does it one more time I'm going to scream!

If she ever decides to change careers, I know just the job for her. That diet ad with the hysterical woman:

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Florence King can be reached at P.O. Box 7113, Fredericksburg, VA 22404.

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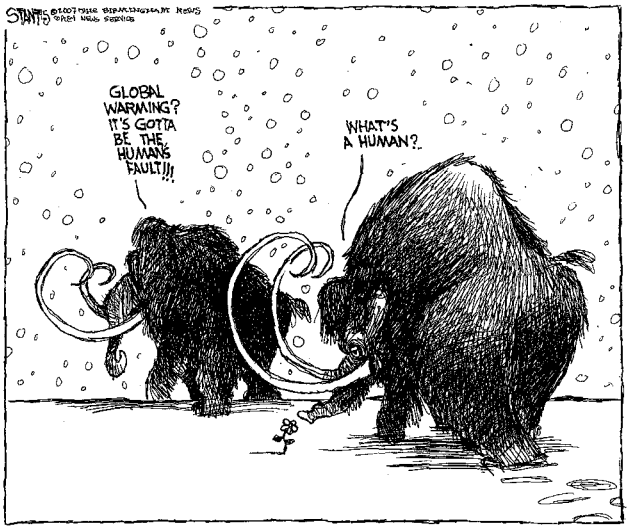

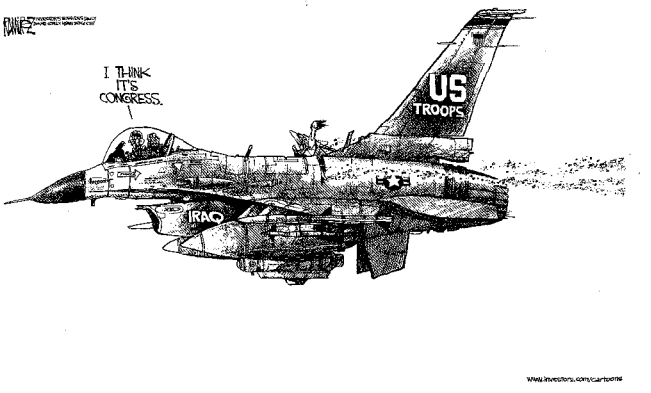

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the long view

ROB LONG

Transcript from *Larry King Live* February 10, 2008

LARRY KING: "Tomorrow night! The whole hour with former presidential candidate John Edwards, direct from the Wayside County Men's Correctional Facility! From Appleton, Wisconsin, hello!"

CALLER: "Hi, Larry. Hi, Senator Clinton. I was wondering if Senator Clinton, knowing what she knows now, would have phrased things differently in yesterday's debate?"

LARRY KING: "Senator, what about it? Regrets?"

SENATOR CLINTON: "Well, Larry, obviously, if given another go at answering Tim Russert's question—and to be fair, Larry, it really wasn't a question so much as a provocation—"

LARRY KING: "He asked you about Obama . . ."

SENATOR CLINTON: "To be accurate, Larry, he asked me if I thought America was ready for an African-American president. And I said that I thought it was, and I looked forward to the day when we actually have an African-American candidate for president . . ."

LARRY KING: "And Obama was miffed . . ."

SENATOR CLINTON: "Yes, I guess he was. Though I'm not sure why. He's Indonesian, isn't he?"

LARRY KING: "One of those. Or from Ghana, I think?"

SENATOR CLINTON: "Well, Larry, I honestly don't see how we're supposed to keep his background straight."

LARRY KING: "Me, I'm a Jewish kid from Queens."

SENATOR CLINTON: "You're no mystery, Larry! And I'm just a small-town girl from a deeply Methodist background!"

LARRY KING: "Whatever. He took offense. Have you called him?"

SENATOR CLINTON: "Larry, I've worked closely with African Americans all my life. I've been a tireless supporter of civil rights legislation, workplace equity—all of it. And I have yet to meet or work with an African American from Indonesia whose middle name is Hussein."

LARRY KING: "He overreacted?"

SENATOR CLINTON: "Frankly, Larry, I think he did. And the voters have to ask themselves if they want a such a short-tempered president as Senator Osama."

LARRY KING: "Obama."

SENATOR CLINTON: "Right. Senator Hussein Obama."

LARRY KING: "Have you patched things up?"

SENATOR CLINTON: "Honestly, Larry, I wouldn't know how to begin. In my experience, Indonesians named Osama Hussein are just too volatile to reach out to."

LARRY KING: "On *Larry King Weekend*! The incomparable Liza Minnelli! And her new husband, former congressman Mark Foley! From Jonesville, Missouri, hello!"

CALLER: "I'd like to ask Senator Clinton if she's been surprised by how the field has shrunk?"

LARRY KING: "Senator? What about it?"

SENATOR CLINTON: "Larry, we've been criss-crossing the country for the past year listening to people share their thoughts and concerns, and to be honest, I've been focused on that. Am I surprised that the field has shrunk? No, not really—I mean, Larry, that's the nature of the business, right?"

LARRY KING: "What about John Edwards?"

SENATOR CLINTON: "Larry, I know that all of us were saddened by the recent events, as bizarre as they were."

LARRY KING: "Have you been contacted by investigators?"

SENATOR CLINTON: "Yes, yes I have. And I've been cooperating with them, as has my staff. But you know, Larry, there's not much light I can shed on those events."

LARRY KING: "He had some kind of thing for you."

SENATOR CLINTON: "Apparently. And I guess he became more and more unstable as his candidacy faded, and that's when something snapped and he got into his car with the hammer and the pepper spray and drove all that way . . ."

LARRY KING: "Was he wearing diapers? I read that he was wearing diapers?"

SENATOR CLINTON: "Something to do with the long drive, I think?"

LARRY KING: "He got the idea from that gal astronaut. Weird stuff."

SENATOR CLINTON: "But you know, Larry, I'd prefer to talk about the future. It's time for the party to make a choice, a very clear choice, I think, about the future of the party, the future of the country, and in many ways, the future of the world. It comes down to me and Senator Hussein Osama—"

LARRY KING: "Obama."

SENATOR CLINTON: "Right. Of course. I've spent the past year listening to Americans, and I honestly hope to spend the next four years doing exactly that, but, you know, the other way around."

LARRY KING: "We're forgetting about Tom Vilsack of Iowa."

SENATOR CLINTON: "Oh, I know, Larry. And what a tragedy, really. Such a magnificent leader. The country mourns his loss. My heart goes out to his family."

LARRY KING: "Wait. I'm lost. He's dead?"

SENATOR CLINTON: "Yes, Larry. In a terrible freak car accident. You didn't hear?"

LARRY KING: "No. News to me."

SENATOR CLINTON: "Wait a sec. What day is it today? Is it Tuesday?"

LARRY KING: "It's Monday, Senator."

SENATOR CLINTON: "Oh. Oh. Then never mind."

LARRY KING: "Coming up! Madeleine Albright and Suzanne Somers!"

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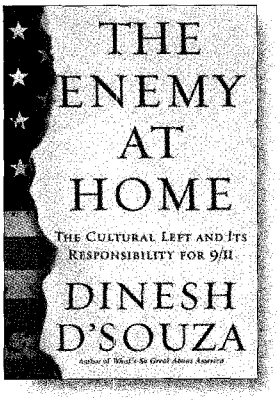
Fight the Real Enemy



The Enemy at Home: The Cultural Left and Its Responsibility for 9/11, by Dinesh D'Souza (Doubleday, 352 pp., $26.95)

ROGER KIMBALL

DINESH D'SOUZA's new book about the blame for 9/11 begins with a quotation from Abraham Lincoln—one that I did not know but the gravamen of which I heartily endorse. The material advantages of the United States are so great, Lincoln says, that "if destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen, we must live through all time, or die by suicide."

"All time" is a long time, but, making due allowances for that hyperbole, I believe Lincoln is right. The United States is blessed with such enormous military, economic, geographical, and political assets that destruction is much more likely to come from within, from a loss of confidence or failure of nerve, than from without. Longtime readers of this magazine will recall that James Burnham made a similar point when discussing the conflict between Communism and America in his brilliant book *Suicide of the West*.

The curious thing is that although D'Souza presumably agrees with Lincoln (and Burnham) on this point, I very much doubt that either would have agreed with his analysis in *The Enemy at Home*.

D'Souza does two things in this book. On one hand, he excoriates "the cultural Left," that motley crew which includes most of academia, most of Hollywood and the entertainment industry, large chunks of the media, feminists *tout court*, and the Democratic party *ex officio*. On the other hand, he endeavors to make a case for "traditional" as distinct from "radical" Islam, arguing that conservatives should endeavor to understand and make common cause with the former.

In pursuit of this cause, D'Souza offers a by-now-familiar indictment of America's latitudinarian excesses. He quotes the trashy lyrics of rap songs; points out that abortion, sexual promiscuity, and homosexuality are common in modern democracies; and notes that many marriages end in divorce even as militant secularism is on the rise.

Again, none of this is news, but D'Souza rehearses it in order to argue that 1) the Left is "secretly allied" with "the movement that bin Laden and Islamic radicals represent" and 2) conservatives deep down have a lot in common with representatives of "traditional" cultures, including Islam, and should therefore battle to clean up American culture, thereby driving "a wedge between Islamic radicals and traditional Muslims."

D'Souza is nothing if not bold. In his opening sentence, he claims that "the cultural Left in this country is responsible for causing 9/11," which he describes as "the worst day in American history." In case we didn't get it the first time, he provides several variations on the theme: The cultural Left is the "primary cause" of "the volcano of anger" directed by the Islamic world toward the U.S.; "without the cultural Left, 9/11 would not have happened"; "the Left is the primary reason for Islamic anti-Americanism"; "the cultural Left has fostered a decadent American culture that angers and repulses traditional societies, especially those in the Islamic world that are being overwhelmed with this culture"; if not for the seductive spectacle of "decadent culture," bin Laden "would never have launched the 9/11 attacks."

D'Souza describes his thesis as "startling." "Startling" it surely is; but is it also true?

That is a question I found myself often asking when reading this book. A few stumbling blocks: According to D'Souza, the attack on the USS *Cole* didn't really count as an act of terrorism because the *Cole*, after all, is a warship. Come again? D'Souza frequently assures readers that Islam is not against "modernity, science, or democracy" but actually is in favor of those phenomena—and capitalism, too—appearances notwithstanding. Really? That is like saying Islam is a "religion of peace" because the Koran somewhere tells us so. (D'Souza frequently indulges in some alarmingly selective quoting from the Koran to support his argument.) More good news: Wahhabi Islam, far from being a "breeding ground of Islamic radicalism," as you probably thought, is only "a breeding ground of Islamic obedience." Oh, well, that's all right then. It gets better: The aim of 9/11, D'Souza says, was not to kill civilians but merely to "strike out" at "symbols" of American military and economic power. Indeed, 9/11 was "a special kind of 'reality show' using martyrdom as a form of advertising and real people in the explosion scenes." What can one say?

If we "carefully read bin Laden's statements," D'Souza writes in one characteristic passage, we would understand that he feels Islam is "threatened by the West." Sayyid Qutb, a radical propagandist for the Muslim Brotherhood, hanged in the end by Nasser, delivered himself of blistering attacks on the United States for its sexual depravity and other failings (this, by the way, was in the 1940s). D'Souza offers a patient, not to say sympathetic, exposition of Qutb's brief against modern life. Many American conservatives also think America has become "increasingly vulgar, trivial, and disgusting." This leads D'Souza to another shocker: "Are the radical Muslims right? Is America a threat to the traditional cultures of the world? Is American culture a worldwide destroyer of morals? Do American values undermine the traditional family and corrupt the innocence of children?"

Gosh. Something has gone terribly wrong here, but what? The idea that capitalism acts as a solvent on traditional values is hardly a new idea. America, like all

Mr. Kimball is co-editor and co-publisher of *The New Criterion* and publisher of Encounter Books.

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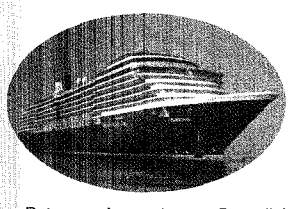

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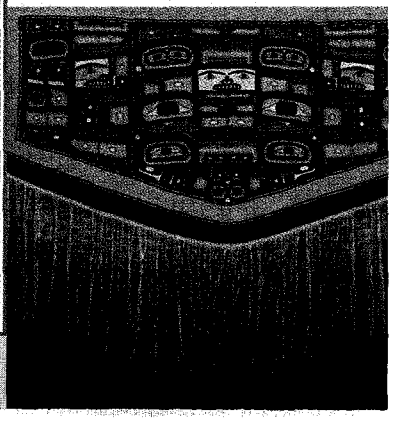
Tues./July 31	Glacier Bay	10:00AM	4:00PM	morning seminar late-night poolside smoker
Wed./Aug. 1	Juneau, AK	7:00AM	8:00PM	evening cocktail reception
Thur./Aug. 2	Sitka, AK	8:00AM	5:00PM	late-night poolside smoker
Fri./Aug. 3	Ketchikan, AK	7:00AM	1:00PM	afternoon seminars evening cocktail reception
Sat./Aug. 4	Victoria, B.C.	6:00PM	Midnight	morning seminar afternoon seminar
Sun./Aug. 5	Seattle	7:00AM		



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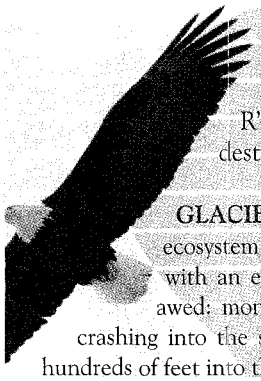

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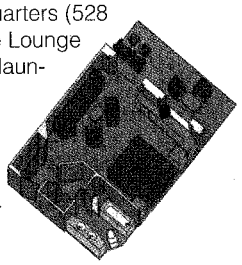
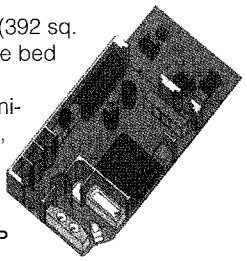
Age 18+: $1,280 p/p Ages 2 to 17: $630 p/p Infants: $370 p/p

DELUXE SUITE Magnificent luxury quarters (528 sq. ft.) features use of exclusive Neptune Lounge and personal concierge, complimentary laundry, pressing and dry-cleaning service. Large private verandah, king-size bed (convertible to 2 twins), whirlpool bath/shower, dressing room, large sitting area, DVD, mini-bar, and refrigerator.



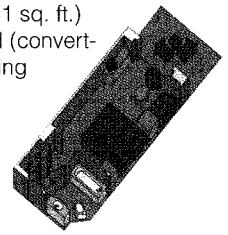
Category SA
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 5,479 P/P
SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 9,799

SUPERIOR SUITE Grand stateroom (392 sq. ft.) features private verandah, queen-size bed (convertible to 2 twin beds), whirlpool bath/shower, large sitting area, DVD, mini-bar, refrigerator, floor-to-ceiling windows, and much more.



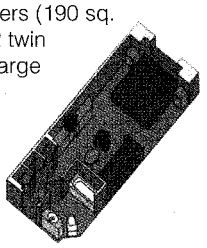
Category SS
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 4,299 P/P
SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 7,499

DELUXE OUTSIDE Spacious cabin (241 sq. ft.) features private verandah, queen-size bed (convertible to 2 twin beds), bath with shower, sitting area, mini-bar, tv, refrigerator, and floor-to-ceiling windows.



Categories VA / VB / VC
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 3,699 P/P
SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 5,999

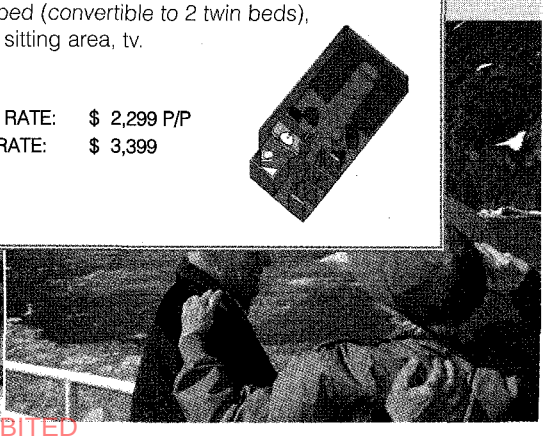
LARGE OCEAN VIEW Comfortable quarters (190 sq. ft.) features queen-size bed (convertible to 2 twin beds), bathtub with shower, sitting area, tv, large ocean-view windows.



Category D
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 2,999 P/P
SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 4,199

LARGE INSIDE Cozy but ample cabin quarters (185 sq. ft.) features queen-size bed (convertible to 2 twin beds), bathtub with shower, sitting area, tv.

Category K
DOUBLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 2,299 P/P
SINGLE OCCUPANCY RATE: $ 3,399



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National Review 2007 Alaska Cruise Application

Mail to: National Review Cruise, The Cruise Authority, 1307 Powers Ferry Rd., Marietta, GA 30067-5409 or Fax to 770-916-1425

Please fill out application completely and mail with deposit check or fax with credit-card information. One application per cabin. If you want more than one cabin, make copies of this application. For questions call The Cruise Authority at 800-707-1634.

Personal

Name #1 (full legal name) + Nickname — Date of Birth — Size: S-XXL

Name #2 (full legal name) + Nickname — Date of Birth — Size: S-XXL

Names #3 & #4 (if taking others in your cabin) — Date of Birth — Size: S-XXL

Street Mailing Address

City — State — ZIP

( )

Daytime Phone — Email Address

Special Information (medical conditions, celebrating anniversary, etc.)

Payment

A deposit of $500 **per person** is due with this application. If paid by credit card, the balance will be charged to the *same* card on 4/27/07 unless otherwise directed. If application is received after 4/27/07, the full amount of the cruise will be charged. Cabins and categories are available on a first come, first served basis. *Suites are limited!*

☐ My deposit of $500 **per person** is included.
(Make checks payable to "National Review Cruise")

☐ Charge to: AmEx ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Expiration Date (Month) ☐☐ (Year) ☐☐

Authorized Signature of Cardholder/Guest

Information and price quote on Cancellation Fee Waiver/Medical Insurance will accompany your statement. Cancellation Penalty Schedule follows (cancellations must be received in writing by the date indicated):

PRIOR *to February 27, 2007 cancellation penalty is $100 per person*
Febraury 27 to April 27, 2007cancellation penalty is $400 per person
AFTER *April 27, 2007cancellation penalty is 100% of cruise/package*

Cruise

(All rates are per person, double occupancy, and include all port charges and taxes, all gratuities, meals, entertainment, and *National Review* activities. Cruise-only rates include all of above except airfare and transfers. Failure to appear for embarkation for any reason constitutes a cancellation subject to full penalties. Personal items not included.)

PLEASE CHECK ALL APPLICABLE BOXES!

I. CABIN CATEGORY *(see list and prices on previous page)*

First cabin category choice:_____ Second cabin category choice:_____

Bedding: Beds made up as ☐ Twin ☐ King/Queen

BOOKING SINGLE? ☐ Please try to match me with a roommate. (My age: ____)

II. AIR/TRANSFER PACKAGES

☐ We will provide our own roundtrip air and transfers to and from Seattle.
☐ Include air with our package from _____ (see list below).
☐ We need to purchase transfers from the airport to the ship at $42 per person.

III. GENERAL INFORMATION

CITIZENSHIP: Is everyone a U.S. citizen? ☐ Yes ☐ No

DINING w/ FRIENDS/FAMILY: I wish to dine with _____

☐ Every Night ☐ 3-4 times ☐ 2 times ☐ Once

IV. PRE- AND POST-CRUISE TOUR PACKAGES

☐ Please send me information on pre-/post-cruise packages in Seattle.

Important!

PASSPORT REQUIRED! Everyone cruising, including children, will be required to bring a valid passport. Current passports must be valid through February 6, 2008. Failure to do so will result in being denied boarding of the *Noordam*.

Responsibility: Notice is hereby given that the cruise advertised herein, including all tickets, vouchers and coupons issued and all arrangements for transportation or conveyance or for hotel or lodging or for sightseeing services are made by H20 Ltd. d/b/a The Cruise Authority (TCA) on behalf of *National Review*, as agency for Holland America Line (HAL), and/or service providers and/or suppliers providing services necessary for operation of the tour upon the express condition that TCA shall not be liable for injury, damage, loss, accident, delay or irregularity to any tour participant or his or her property that may result from any act or omission of any company, contractor or employee thereof providing services in connection with the tour, including but not limited to transportation, lodging, food and beverage, entertainment, sightseeing, luggage handling and tour guiding. Furthermore, TCA cannot be held responsible for delays or costs incurred resulting from weather and road connections, breakdowns, strikes, riots, acts of God, acts of terrorism, authority of law or other circumstances beyond its control. In the event that a participant be entitled to a refund of monies paid, TCA will not be liable in excess of amount paid. TCA reserves the right to decline any persons as a tour participant at any time. TCA is not responsible for price increases imposed by HAL and/or service providers. Such increases may be implemented prior to deposit received. TCA is not responsible for breach of contract or any intentional or careless actions or omissions on the part of HAL and/or service providers, such as suppliers of tours or other services used or obtained on or at the time of the cruise or shore excursions, which result in any loss, damage, delay or injury to you or your travel companions or group members. TCA does not guarantee any of such suppliers rates, booking or reservations and TCA shall not be responsible for any social or labor unrest, mechanical or construction difficulties, acts of terrorism, diseases, local laws, climate conditions, abnormal conditions, or developments or any other actions, omissions or conditions outside of TCA's control. TCA, nor *National Review* shall be responsible for the accessibility, appearance, actions or decisions of those individuals promoted for this cruise. By embarking upon his or her travel, the traveler voluntarily assumes all risks, and is advised to obtain appropriate insurance coverage against them. Retention of tickets, reservations, or package after issuance shall constitute a consent to the above and an agreement on your part to convey the contents hereof to your travel companions.

AIR TRAVEL: You can simplify your air-travel arrangements by taking advantage of **Holland America's "Fly Cruise" Program.** The following per-person, economy-class prices for travel to and from the listed home city air gateways include transfers to and from the *Noordam* in Seattle, WA. First-Class air is available upon request. You cannot utilize frequent flyer points to upgrade these airfares to First Class.

AL	Birmingham	$746	FL	Miami	$656	MA	Boston	$666	NY	Rochester	$696	SD	Rapid City	$586
	Huntsville	$736		Orlando	$656	MI	Detroit	$696		Syracuse	$696		Sioux Falls	$836
	Mobile	$736		Pensacola	$656		Grand Rapids	$696	NC	Charlotte	$696	TX	Amarillo	$766
AK	Anchorage	$686		Tallahassee	$776		Saginaw	$706		Greensboro	$716		Austin	$566
AR	Little Rock	$686		Tampa	$676		Traverse City	$716		Raleigh/Durham	$726		Corpus Christi	$676
AZ	Phoenix	$456		West Palm Beach	$756	MN	Mnpls/St. Paul	$676	ND	Bismark	$736		Dallas/Ft. Worth	$586
	Tucson	$496	GA	Atlanta	$656		Rochester	$736		Fargo	$736		El Paso	$606
CA	Burbank	$426		Savannah	$776	MS	Jackson	$666	OK	Oklahoma City	$676		Houston	$546
	Fresno	$546	HI	Honolulu	$766	MO	Kansas City	$706		Tulsa	$666		Lubbock	$756
	Los Angeles	$416	ID	Boise	$476		Springfield	$676	OH	Akron/Canton	$676		Midland/Odessa	$756
	Oakland	$436	IL	Chicago	$676		St. Louis	$686		Cincinnati	$656		San Antonio	$576
	Ontario	$426		Moline	$686	MT	Billings	$506		Cleveland	$656	TN	Chattanooga	$706
	Orange County	$426		Peoria	$686		Bozeman	$486		Columbus	$676		Knoxville	$706
	Sacramento	$496	IN	Ft. Wayne	$686		Great Falls	$536		Dayton	$696		Memphis	$706
	San Diego	$446		Indianapolis	$656		Helena	$486	OR	Portland	$366		Nashville	$676
	San Francisco	$406	IA	Cedar Rapids	$676		Missoula	$486	PA	Allentown	$726	UT	Salt Lake City	$476
	San Jose	$436		Des Moines	$686	NE	Lincoln	$726		Harrisburg	$716	VT	Burlington	$676
	Santa Barbara	$506	KS	Wichita	$646		Omaha	$636		Philadelphia	$676	VA	Norfolk	$686
CO	Col. Springs	$606	KY	Lexington	$686	NV	Las Vegas	$476		Pittsburgh	$676		Richmond	$716
	Denver	$556		Louisville	$706		Reno	$536		Wilkes-Barre	$746	WA	Seattle	$384
CT	Hartford	$686	LA	Baton Rouge	$666	NJ	Newark	$656	PR	San Juan	$956		Spokane	$396
DC	Washington	$686		New Orleans	$636	NM	Albuquerque	$606	RI	Providence	$706	WI	Green Bay	$766
FL	Ft. Lauderdale	$656		Shreveport	$706	NY	Albany	$686	SC	Charleston	$676		Madison	$686
	Ft. Myers	$716	ME	Portland	$726		Buffalo	$656		Columbia	$696		Milwaukee	$676
	Jacksonville	$666	MD	Baltimore	$666		New York	$676		Greenville	$696			

IMPORTANT NOTES: **1.** These air add-ons apply to the cruise or cruise + pre- or post-cruise package. All transfers for air/sea passengers are included. **2.** Should you elect to provide your own air transportation, note that transfers from the airport to the *Noordam* (Port of Seattle) are not included, but are available for purchase $42pp roundtrip. Schedule your arrival in San Diego (SEA) leaving plenty of time for flight delays! Arrive no later than 12:00noon on July 29th. Do not arrange return flights from Seattle before 12:00noon on August 5th. **3.** Should you wish to deviate your air from the "standard" schedule, Holland America Line charges $50pp (non-refundable) for this service. All requests must be sent in writing to The Cruise Authority. **4.** Special seat assignments or other requests must be made directly with the participating air carrier. You will receive your air schedule approximately 30 days prior to departure. **5.** Fees will apply to any changes to existing air reservations made within 65 days of travel or deletion/cancellation of the Fly-Cruise Plan from your booking within this same time period.

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modern, economically dynamic societies, puts great pressure on many aspects of traditional and customary society. Walter Bagehot articulated the pattern of this complaint in the 1870s when he distinguished between the "old Eastern and customary civilizations and the new Western and changeable civilizations." Did the Indians think the British were doing good or evil in their country? Sure, the British brought peace and prosperity. But they also brought greater freedom. And with freedom come the burdens of change and choice. Contemplating this, Bagehot wrote that the Indians did not "believe that the desire to make them comfortable and happy is the root" of British policy in India. They believed, on the contrary, that the British were trying to do something else: to "'take away their religion.' . . . The end and object of all these continual changes is to make Indians not what they are and what they like to be, but something new and different from what they are, and what they would not like to be."

I have no doubt that something like this is an ingredient in radical Islam's unhappiness with the West. But so what? That compact of greater freedom and greater responsibility is part of the penalty of modernity. D'Souza wants us to enlist "traditional" Muslims in the war against terror. But he then notes that traditional Muslims typically are "not moderates," that many are "just as zealous in their religious faith and practice as radical Muslims," and that in the end there are "few" differences, religious or political, between the groups. Every poll I have seen suggests that the mass of Muslims is increasingly in favor of propagating sharia, the veil for women, and other features of "traditional" Islamic practice. So remind me: Why should American conservatives be so enthusiastic about "traditional" Islam?

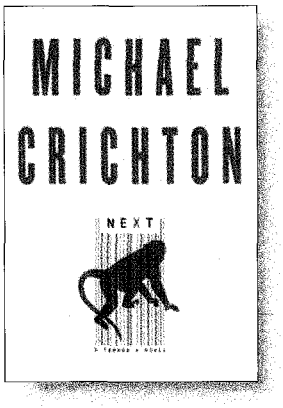
A critic might point out that D'Souza slights the many positive, wholesome features of American culture. Still, he is right that our society exhibits many troubling features. I deplore many of the same things he does. I also think he is correct that the Left has in certain respects made common cause with radical Islam. Certainly, the Left (and not only the Left) is vociferously hostile to the Bush administration and to the war in Iraq, and is busy prosecuting not a war against terrorism but what D'Souza aptly calls a "war against the war against terrorism."

D'Souza argues that we have "fundamentally misunderstood the enemy." In the 1990s, Samuel Huntington warned about a coming "clash of civilizations," notably between Islam and the rest of the world. D'Souza thinks Huntington was wrong: The important clash, he thinks, is between right-thinking conservatives of whatever religion and decadent elites. To this extent, he seems to believe that the real enemy is . . . *us*.

But D'Souza has let his battle against the "cultural Left" blur his vision. When we talk about 9/11, the issue is not *our* failings but *their* terrorism. That is a fundamental datum we lose sight of at our peril. If we step back and ask "Why?" we see that the real issue is not religion, as many commentators assume, but politics. More precisely it is the usurpation of religion by politics. The Islamic enemies of the West have successfully poached upon the authority of religion in order to prosecute a political or ideological campaign. Like other totalitarians, Islamic radicals skillfully use and abuse democratic freedoms with the ultimate object of abolishing those freedoms. We must do everything we can to thwart their effort. It is not only because women in the West have abortions and premarital sex that bin Laden and his pals are frothing at the mouth. It is also because women in the West learn to read and drive a car, can appear in public without a sack over their head, talk to a man on the street, and decide whom to marry and even have a career of their own. Indeed, the status of women is only one piece of the puzzle. What Islam really finds intolerable is that the West exists as an autonomous power. And that is precisely why the West, if it is to continue to thrive, must find Islam in its current configuration intolerable.

Growing up is a hard business, for civilizations as well as for individuals. Adolescence is a particularly difficult period. Not all achieve the accommodations that define adulthood. Some stay trapped in adolescence, smoldering with hatred and resentment. D'Souza thinks it is "maddeningly difficult" to "make sense of 9/11." I believe it is pretty straightforward. Shortly after 9/11, when everyone was moaning about the "root cause" of such an enormity, the columnist Jonathan Rauch usefully observed that the root cause of terrorism is terrorists. Quite right. D'Souza wants us to "understand" Islam. I think the primary task is not to understand but to change it. **NR**

Bio Hazard



Next, by Michael Crichton (HarperCollins, 448 pp., $27.95)

RONALD BAILEY

In reviewing *Next*, Michael Crichton's new novel of the biotech future, I have to begin with a disclosure. Crichton now footnotes his novels, and in the endnotes to this one he cites my book *Liberation Biology*—which he praises as "the clearest and most complete response to religious objections to biotechnology."

I can't be quite as full-throated in praise of *Next*, a sprawling, ungainly narrative mess of a techno-thriller. In typical Crichton fashion, the author interweaves a lot of fast-paced plots, some of which get lost without a trace. But you either like novels that read like proto–movie scripts with barely sketched-out characters and fast action, or you don't. Generally I do.

Crichton has had great success with the well-worn formula pioneered by Mary Shelley in *Frankenstein*: Scientific hubris leads to disaster. In *The Andromeda Strain* (1969), Army scientists in search of biological-warfare agents endanger humanity by bringing back a space virus that infects a town. In *The Terminal Man* (1972), the epileptic protagonist goes on a murderous rampage under the influence of

Mr. Bailey, *Reason* magazine's science correspondent, is author of *Liberation Biology: The Scientific and Moral Case for the Biotech Revolution.*

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computerized mind control. Crichton makes the Frankenstein-reanimation theme even more explicit in *Jurassic Park* (1990), in which a paleontologist uses biotechnology to bring dinosaurs back to life.

Frankensteinian concerns persist in the modern age because of humanity's inborn suspicion of the new. Happily, over the past few centuries the West has established firm linkages between scientific and economic actors—launching the industrial/technological revolution that has lifted billions of people out of humanity's natural state of abject poverty. But such transformations of economic and social institutions remain scary. *Frankenstein* was essentially a reactionary response to that revolution. But there are other ways to craft narratives about humanity's growing technological prowess—telling stories that are more hopeful and liberating.

For example, I have often wanted to suggest to Crichton that he could have gotten the same narrative bang for his buck if he had instead *celebrated* the achievement of bringing dinosaurs back to life. In my alternative plot, a kindly old paleontologist, using the miracle of biotechnology, conjures dinosaurs back into existence to delight the world's children. Things go wrong only when a cadre of evil anti-biotechnologists led by Jeremy Rifkin break into the peaceful island zoo to kill the dinosaurs. This revised scenario would provide Crichton with all of the gunfire, gore, chase scenes, and satisfying explosions without the Luddite baggage of the original.

This plot would actually be more true to life—because there is practically no evidence that humanity rushes headlong into misusing powerful new technologies. Instead of using computerized probes for mind control, physicians implant them to control Parkinson's disease. Instead of carelessly bringing space viruses to Earth, NASA set up elaborate containment and decontamination systems for astronauts returning from the moon. And researchers hope to use biotech to bring back to life animals driven to extinction by humanity, including the Tasmanian tiger and the woolly mammoth.

Crichton's most recent Luddite book was the anti-nanotech tale *Prey* (2002): The villains are swarms of nanoparticles, molecular machines measuring only billionths of a meter. Manufactured by a greedy and careless corporation, escaped nano-swarms feed on animals and human flesh. More recently, in *State of Fear* (2004), Crichton took a different turn: Instead of fanning technological fears, he condemned the hubris of people who think they know best how others should live. Instead of evil corporations deploying technology to imperil the world, he showed us villainous green radicals subverting science to frighten humanity into a drastic left-wing reorganization of society.

State of Fear was actually the novelization of a speech Crichton delivered in 2003, arguing that environmentalism is essentially a religion: a belief system based on faith, not fact. In *State of Fear*, activists plot to manufacture events—crumbling Antarctic ice shelves and Pacific tsunamis—that would be interpreted as evidence for imminent, catastrophic global warming. The idea is that donors, frightened by these events, would begin shoveling cash into activists' coffers, and policymakers would begin to heed them. Although the plot was as movie-ready as that of any other Crichton novel, he later said that the book was never optioned in Hollywood because it was "way too red hot."

State of Fear not only became a best-seller, but propelled its author into public-policy circles. Crichton was invited to make speeches around the country on science policy; in 2005 he even testified in front of a Senate committee about the politicization of climate-change science.

In *Next*, Crichton returns to his trope that corporations are wicked, but manages nonetheless to portray some of the researchers as good guys. The novel opens with a typically Crichtonesque scene in which a post-doc who is apparently trying to peddle some stolen genetically modified human embryos gruesomely commits suicide in a glittery Las Vegas hotel. It turns out that this scene is a throwaway; the subplot gets dropped without explanation, one of the book's several dead-ends.

After this puzzling opening, Crichton starts weaving together various subplots that highlight aspects of where biotechnological research might take us. Some of his plot lines are taken from real life: In one of them, Frank Burnet is suing UCLA and the biotech startup BioGen Research Inc. for turning cells taken from his body during leukemia treatment into a lucrative biotech product line worth billions.

Crichton is basically repackaging here the actual case of *Moore* v. *Regents of the University of California*. In 1976, UCLA physician-researcher David Golde treated John Moore for hairy-cell leukemia by removing his spleen. A normal spleen weighs about a pound; Moore's was 22 pounds. Golde managed to transform cells taken from Moore into a cell line that produced medically valuable proteins. UCLA patented the cell line and reached a lucrative agreement with a biotech company for their further development. For seven years, Moore traveled several times a year to Golde's lab where further blood, bone marrow, and other substances were withdrawn from his body. In 1984, Moore sued; in 1990, the California supreme court ruled that his cells, once removed from his body, were not his property since they were mere medical waste.

Early on in *Next*, a court similarly rules that Burnet does not own his own cells. Unfortunately, however, the cell lines derived from Burnet and now growing in BioGen's labs have been contaminated. Investments worth billions will be lost unless the cells are replaced from the only known sources—Burnet, his daughter, and his grandson. Given that this is a Crichton novel, the corporation is not overly sensitive about how it replaces what its executives regard as its property.

Crichton similarly fictionalizes reality in a subplot in which shady characters in a pathology lab harvest and sell tissue and bones from cadavers without consent. This sordid activity came to light in real life in 2005, when police discovered that bones were taken from the cancerous cadaver of 95-year-old BBC broadcaster Alistair Cooke and sold.

Crichton explores more futuristic aspects of biotechnology as well. In another story line, tourists discover an orangutan in the wilds of Sumatra that fluently curses them in Dutch, French, and English. The only apparent purpose of this plot thread is to permit scenes in which newspaper reports of this discovery upset kindhearted primate researcher Henry Kendall. We learn that Kendall had done work at a National Institutes of Health chimp lab four years earlier. He now wonders whether Dutch scientists hidden in

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Sumatran jungles have somehow succeeded in creating a transgenic ape using human genes. Kendall shortly afterwards receives a mysterious summons to NIH, where he is told that a forgotten experiment has had an inadvertent and unexpected outcome—a four-year-old transgenic talking chimpanzee named Dave. The NIH lab honchos want to cover up the mistake by quietly euthanizing the chimp. Kendall won't stand for this; he sneaks Dave out of the lab and takes him home.

Meanwhile, in Paris, other biotech researchers are injecting African grey parrot chicks with human transgenes. One of the researchers, Gail Bond, had taken a parrot named Gerard home to live with her family. Bond is very excited when she discovers that Gerard has been surreptitiously helping her 6-year-old son with his math homework. Very quickly, though, Gerard's wicked sense of humor and demands for attention get him into trouble with Bond's husband—who sees to it that Gerard disappears. After a series of hair-raising adventures, the multilingual parrot eventually ends up in California.

The adventures of the transgenic chimp and parrot are the most thought-provoking and fun parts of the novel. Unlike Frankenstein's "monster," these two are wholly admirable individuals—brave, loyal, and honest. I take it that when Kendall rescues Dave from death by morphine drip at NIH, the point Crichton is making is that if a creature can talk and tell us how it wants to be treated, we should listen. The capabilities of such beings may be limited, so our mutual moral obligations may be more like those of a parent to a very young child, but moral respect must be given. In stark contrast to Victor Frankenstein, primate researcher Kendall steps up and takes responsibility for the being he has inadvertently created. Crichton ends with a vision of a happy trans-species blended family as being pretty normal for the 21st century.

Despite its considerable narrative flaws, *Next* is still a compulsively readable beach book about the dawn of the biotech revolution. If your taste runs to car and helicopter chases, gunfire, explosions, sex, and entertaining demises for villains, combined with a bit of public policy, *Next* delivers all that and more. So squirrel away this one in your luggage when you fly to some sandy strand for your winter vacation. **NR**

St. John of Harvard Yard

Illiberal Justice: John Rawls vs. the American Political Tradition, by David Lewis Schaefer (Missouri, 368 pp., $24.95)

EDWARD FESER

HARVARD philosopher John Rawls's death in 2002 generated obituaries even more embarrassingly pompous than the sort academics usually write for one another. He was, his colleagues averred, possessed of an almost superhuman kindness and humility. Several described him as "saintly" and judged that "we are privileged to have lived in his time." One of them related how Isaiah Berlin had been moved by Rawls's goodness to "liken him, mischievously, to Jesus," and another confessed that when Rawls had once telephoned him "it was as if God himself had called." The basis for such hagiography? Rawls was known to invite grad students for coffee, and to discuss their ideas with them over pizza. He would send a copy of one of his books to a colleague who was interested in it. And as clinching proof of supererogatory virtue, a favorite anecdote, told with reverent awe, has him standing in front of a window during a doctoral-dissertation defense, so that the candidate wouldn't be bothered by light in his eyes.

Evidently, the standards for canonization are considerably relaxed in the small-stakes-and-large-egos world of academe: Just being a normal, pleasant fellow suffices. Still, Rawls can be said to have provided the traditionally requisite miracle as well, having passed off the cloudy water of his prolix and vaguely argued writings as the finest philosophical wine. Indeed, he is often claimed (by Rawlsians, anyway) to have been the greatest political thinker of the 20th century, and to have rescued political philosophy from the dormancy into which it had purportedly fallen before his book *A Theory of Justice* appeared in 1971. This might come as a surprise to readers of Aron, Hayek, Oakeshott, Popper, and Strauss—thinkers active long before Rawls came on the scene, and whose works exhibit a detail of argumentation, clarity of expression, and breadth of historical, philosophical, and social-scientific learning that Rawls did not match. But then, I have neglected to mention that Rawls fulfilled one last criterion for contemporary academic sainthood: He was (unlike the other thinkers mentioned) very definitely a man of the Left.

Rawls's bloated reputation is long overdue for puncturing, a task David Lewis Schaefer undertakes in his important new book. Examining in detail both the large themes and myriad side issues addressed in Rawls's various books and articles, Schaefer clearly intends a complete demolition. Some of the criticisms he raises will be familiar to those acquainted with the vast literature on Rawls. Others, made previously by such right-of-center philosophers as Allan Bloom, Antony Flew, John Kekes, Wallace Matson, and Robert Nozick, are less well known—because Rawls and his disciples have largely ignored them. (For Rawlsians, it seems, only criticism from the left—by Marxists, feminists, and communitarians, for example—is worth taking seriously.) Schaefer does a service in collating these various pre-existing criticisms into a single sustained case, and adding some new points of his own. He is particularly keen to emphasize how radically at odds Rawls is with the American political tradition and the assumptions that have informed it historically and at present, Rawls's pretense to the contrary notwithstanding.

Rawls is best known for his defense of what he calls "justice as fairness," a theory according to which a society counts as just only if its "basic structure" is determined by principles that would be chosen behind a "veil of ignorance" in the "original position." By the original position, Rawls has in mind something like the "state of nature" of classical-liberal political philosophy, a condition

Mr. Feser is the author of *Locke* and editor of *The Cambridge Companion to Hayek*.

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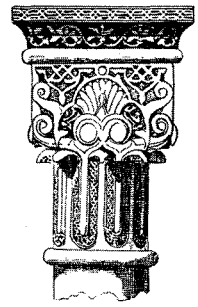
in which moral, social, and political institutions do not yet exist and individuals have to create them by agreeing to a social contract. By the "veil of ignorance," he means that those within this idealized condition who are to choose the principles to guide the institutions in question ought to be thought of as knowing nothing about themselves—such as their race, sex, religion, or "conception of the good"—that might bias their decision in their own favor. Rawls realizes, of course, that no such circumstance ever has existed or could exist, but he thinks it nevertheless instructive to ask what people would choose *if* they could choose in this way, for the situation he describes would in his view be a maximally "fair" one.



His answer to this question is that parties in the original position would choose, first, that society be governed by the principle that everyone should have a right to the most extensive system of liberties compatible with everyone else's having the same right; and second, that the only inequalities in wealth and power allowable be those that somehow benefit the least advantaged members of society—this is Rawls's famous egalitarian "difference principle"—and that these inequalities be attached to positions and offices that are open to everyone equally. Rawls studiously avoided ever saying too much about what these principles might entail in practice, but it is clear enough from *A Theory of Justice*, and increasingly explicit in his later writings, that their import is intended to be fairly radically leftist. For example, for Rawlsians the first principle would guarantee, among other things, rights to abortion, same-sex marriage, and more or less the entire agenda of sexual libertarianism. And to fulfill the second, Rawls came to believe that even welfare-state capitalism would not suffice: A far more extensive redistribution of wealth, either "liberal socialism" or something he called "property-owning democracy," would be necessary.

If it isn't obvious *why* those in the abstract "original position" scenario Rawls describes would choose exactly these principles, it must be noted that Rawls was quite explicit that we must conceive of their motives and deliberations in a way that will *guarantee* this outcome. He did not intend to convince those who didn't already basically agree with him; his aim was only to spell out in a systematic way the consequences of the "intuitions" about justice that "we" in a modern liberal democracy have in common. Since the majority of citizens in a country like the United States quite obviously would not agree with Rawls, it is evident that the "we" in question more or less refers to the narrow circle of liberal American college professors. In any event, the result, as Schaefer emphasizes, is little more than a gigantic circular argument.

This is a pattern manifest throughout Rawls's work. His later book *Political Liberalism* argues, in dense prose and at interminable length, that his theory of justice is neutral between all the "reasonable" moral and religious points of view existing within contemporary pluralistic society—but where being "reasonable" entails (as becomes evident as one works through the details of Rawls's tortuous argument) accepting Rawls's conception of justice. The entire long-winded procedure is a sustained and shameless exercise in begging the question, as fraudulent as it is flatulent.

As Schaefer demonstrates, even this fatal objection to Rawls's oeuvre is only the tip of the iceberg. When kept, as they usually are, at a high level of abstraction, Rawls's claims are either hopelessly vague or pointlessly tautological. But even when he does descend to the level of concrete application or empirical prediction, the result is sheer undefended assertion, often little more than a banal rehearsal of the liberal conventional wisdom. Rawls insisted, without evidence, that a person's self-esteem cannot withstand the contempt or even indifference of others, so that a just society must ensure that we give equal respect to diverse ways of life. He claimed, again without evidence (and in a manner reminiscent of Marx), that in a society governed by his favored principles, people would inevitably come to understand their own good in terms of his egalitarian conception of justice, and that no one would need to pursue monotonous and routine occupations. In defense of the practical workability of his system, armchair psychology, armchair sociology, and armchair economics were all Rawls had to offer.

Given the glaring defects in his philosophy, it might seem puzzling that so many of his academic colleagues have afforded Rawls such over-the-top praise. But his appeal, as Schaefer's book shows us, is not to be found at the level of reason. What Rosalynn Carter unfairly said of Ronald Reagan's supporters applies with perfect justice to the admirers of John Rawls: He made them comfortable with their prejudices. **NR**

TO THE HAUNTED CHILD

The circles underneath your violet eyes
remain with me once I have closed my own.
I know those ghosts the nightlight will disguise.
I've seen the starkness in the half-starved bone,
the straining candor and the skittish grace,
and all too well the spell of feverish care
falling across the laughter in your face
when she descends the last step on the stair.
Such is the quinine of the quiet nurse.
One day, we have, of hide-and-seek and verse.
I cannot keep you ever sheltered, mold you
according to what I think love should be.
One afternoon is all I have to hold you,
hoping it is enough to keep you free.

—JENNIFER REESER

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■ SHELF LIFE ■

God, Man & Sex

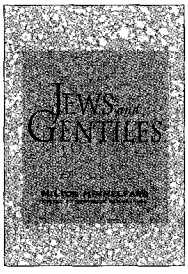
MICHAEL POTEMRA

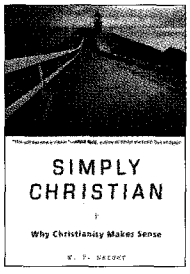
THE name of Milton Himmelfarb would deserve immortality if only for his coinage of the famous aphorism that Jews earn like Episcopalians but vote like Puerto Ricans. A new anthology of his writings, ***Jews and Gentiles*** (Encounter, 273 pp., $25.95), edited by his sister, Gertrude Himmelfarb, offers a richer portrait of his truly ecumenical mind. Milton Himmelfarb saw Jews and Christians as allies in a struggle against the paganism that was becoming "the de facto established religion" of a putatively secular 20th-century America.

Himmelfarb, who died last year, was an early advocate of the movement to stress common religious values in opposition to the entrenched and narrow-minded secularism of the times. The idea was controversial among Christians and Jews alike—less among those in each group who wanted to stress the differences between the two religions than among those who wanted to downplay the problems of secularism. "Chastising what is left of Christendom, some Christians now tend to be if not pro-neopagan then at least anti-anti-neopagan"; and as for Jews, they remain, on the whole, "conservatively attached to the old modernity of Spinoza." For Himmelfarb, though, *amicus Spinoza, sed magis amica veritas*: He could not limit his understanding of the universe to the insights, however great, of that founder of Jewish philosophical modernity.

His is the voice of hard-won wisdom. "When my generation turned our backs on our parents' concern with Jewish things, there was a joke we liked to tell about an apocryphal headline in a Yiddish newspaper: 'Terrible Train Wreck; Jew Dies.' That justified us to ourselves." But Himmelfarb realized that it is only by remaining true to itself that Judaism can transcend the provincialism his generation feared; the chosenness of the Chosen People makes them ministers to the rest of humanity, and an undue exertion on their part toward conformity to the broader culture will end up harming Jews and Gentiles alike. The mission involved in the Jewish identity shines through the pages of this impressive book.

■ The right-wing anti-sex polemic is a seriously tired genre. Its *Reefer Madness* tone tends to inspire doubt that its authors have any idea what they are talking about; it attracts critical mirth (e.g., "This essay must have been even better in the original Arabic!"); and, in the end, it does more harm than good to the cause of those of us who believe that today's hypersexualization is a sign no longer of personal liberation but of America's protracted cultural immaturity. All the more praise, then, to New York journalist Dawn Eden, who has produced a book called ***The Thrill of the Chaste: Finding Fulfillment While Keeping Your Clothes On*** (W, 224 pp., $13.99)—an intelligent, culturally aware, and (not least important) highly entertaining account of how one woman was able to break free of a culture of sexual objectification.





The author makes a strong case for the traditional moral position of eschewing sex before marriage. But her book should not, on that account, be avoided by the very large audience of those who view that position skeptically. Indeed, her book may have more to teach *them* than it does those who already have leanings toward the traditional point of view. Dawn Eden reminds us forcefully that our happiness does not, in fact, lie in the cycle of sexual gratifications, or in being a "winner" in the manhunting/womanhunting game; it consists of a life of love and respect for others, whether one is married or single. An analogy to temperance literature suggests itself: When you start asking yourself, "Why do I drink so much?" you may not end up being a teetotaler, but you will be wiser about who you really are—and what hole you are really trying to fill with that third martini.

■ T. S. Eliot's favorite philosopher, F. H. Bradley, once quipped that "metaphysics is the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct." Much of apologetics, similarly, can be described as the finding of bad reasons for what people believe upon faith; at its worst, apologetics strains to devise false choices that will succeed in cornering a weary audience, and browbeating them into accepting the apologist's particular religious opinions. The prolific Anglican bishop-theologian N. T. Wright has an entirely different approach: His new book, ***Simply Christian: Why Christianity Makes Sense*** (Harper SanFrancisco, 240 pp., $22.95), doesn't try to argue the reader into becoming Christian through superficial displays of cleverness. What Wright does instead is recount the Biblical history of God's involvement in the world—the Christian story of creation, redemption, and eventual new creation—in clear and simple prose, the result of which is to challenge the reader to see reality with new eyes:

> The specifically Christian way of life . . . isn't a matter of doing things to earn God's favor. It is not about trying to obey dusty rulebooks from long ago or far away. It is about practicing, in the present, the tunes we shall sing in God's new world. . . . The rules are to be understood, not as arbitrary laws thought up by a distant God to stop us from having fun (or to set us some ethical hoops to jump through as a kind of moral examination),

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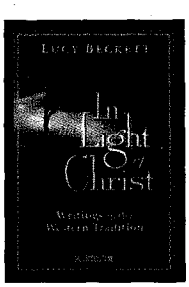
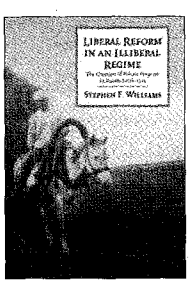
but as the signposts to a way of life in which heaven and earth overlap, in which God's future breaks into the present, in which we discover what genuine humanness looks and feels like in practice.

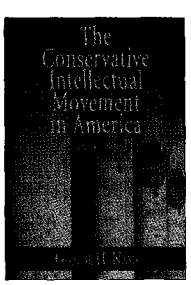
There are surprises in this brief book. While Wright's tone is pastoral, he vigorously reasserts traditional teachings on sexual ethics. ("Instead of being a sacrament," he writes, "sex has become a toy.") And his chapter on worship includes one of the most convincing attempts I've ever seen to transcend Catholic–Protestant divisions on the theology of the Eucharist. Here's part of it:

> [Jesus said,] "This is my body" and "This is my blood." We don't need elaborate metaphysical theories with long Latin names to get the point. Jesus—the real Jesus, the living Jesus, the Jesus who dwells in heaven and rules over earth . . . —wants not just . . . to give us something to think about, but to feed us, and to feed us with himself. . . . At certain places and moments God's future and God's past (that is, events like Jesus's death and resurrection) arrive in the present. . . . That's how God's time works. That's why Christian worship is what it is.

The book's effect is cumulative, and powerful. Strongly recommended.







■ ***In the Light of Christ: Writings in the Western Tradition*** (Ignatius, 648 pp., $21.95), by Lucy Beckett, is a massive, idiosyncratic, and thought-provoking history of Western literature from an explicitly Catholic perspective; picture Harold Bloom's *The Western Canon*, rewritten from scratch by Ronald Knox. The author's determination to assess all great writers through the prism of Catholicism—what they gained from it, what they lacked through not having it—gives the book thematic integrity but does not intrude oppressively on the persevering non-Catholic reader. The insights Beckett offers into the great canonical works, from Aeschylus and Sophocles to Czeslaw Milosz and John Paul II, are many and sharp.

The author's guiding spirits throughout—twin Virgils to her Dante—are St. Augustine and Hans Urs von Balthasar, the great 20th-century thinker who outlined a profound theological aesthetics. "In reading all the writing discussed in this book," Beckett observes, "we are overhearing passages of beauty and truth in the dialogue, the conversation, between human beings and God." In her book's final sentence, quoting Augustine, she underlines the purpose of this entire process—of reading, writing, appreciating, and living: "Our entire task in this life consists in healing the eyes of the heart so that they may be able to see God."

■ In 1906, eleven years before the Bolshevik Revolution, Russian prime minister Petr Stolypin enacted wide-ranging reforms to promote private ownership of land among the peasantry. It was a Gorbachev-style attempt at "reform from above"; in his measured and serious book ***Liberal Reform in an Illiberal Regime: The Creation of Private Property in Russia, 1906–1915*** (Hoover, 320 pp., $15), U.S. circuit-court judge Stephen F. Williams examines the Stolypin effort as a case study in top-down liberalization.

■ It's an irreplaceable classic, the book an entire generation of conservatives grew up reading. Kudos to ISI for putting out a handsome 30th-anniversary edition of George H. Nash's ***The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America Since 1945*** (656 pp., $25), the definitive account of how conservative ideas reclaimed the American mainstream in the postwar era. **NR**

■ FILM ■

And the Winner Is . . .

ROSS DOUTHAT

WHY do we still care about the Oscars? The world of cinema is so awash in awards shows that nearly every movie gets to call itself a winner: If your favorite film doesn't take the New York Film Critics Circle laurels, maybe the London Critics' Circle will smile upon it; if it doesn't get a Golden Globe, maybe it can grab an "Independent Spirit" prize instead. Yet even so, a dash of that old Hollywood glamour still clings to the academy's little gold statuettes. The show is overlong, overliberal, and designed to reward all the wrong people, but I still can't quite resist it—and as the big night approaches I always find myself dutifully trudging to the multiplex, to catch up on all the nominees I've missed.

This year, playing catch-up meant seeing four of the five Best Picture contenders in the space of a week, since (some critic I am!) I'd managed to avoid them all upon their initial release. I started with *Little Miss Sunshine*, this year's little-nominee-that-could—a slight tragicomedy about a dysfunctional family on a road trip to a kiddie beauty pageant, catapulted from art-house obscurity to Oscar glitz. Which is unfortunate, since *Little Miss Sunshine* is the kind of faintly charming movie that's built to exceed low expectations, not to endure any kind of serious scrutiny. The cast is stellar: Greg Kinnear, as the father, plays barely controlled desperation as well as anyone, and he's matched beat for beat by Toni Collette's long-suffering wife, Alan Arkin's profane, drug-abusing grandpa, and a radiantly bucktoothed Abigail Breslin as the pageant-obsessed daughter. But there isn't much there there: The humor is wry rather than uproarious, the road trip offers the same shaggy-dog amusements that we've seen from a thousand Hollywood odysseys before it, and the social commentary, such as it is, takes

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aim at targets so broad (the self-help industry, JonBenet Ramsey clones) that it wins little credit for hitting the mark.

Still, I'd take "slight" and "faintly charming" any day over the thudding awfulness of the next contender on my list, Alejandro Gonzáles Iñárritu's *Babel*. Named for the tower in Genesis and roughly as entertaining as Leviticus, *Babel* is the latest entrant in the burgeoning genre of globalization melodramas, in which several interlocking storylines are supposed to illustrate deep truths about our fragmented, miserable, multicultural world. Steven Soderbergh kicked things off with *Traffic*, which used the technique to good effect, but it's been downhill ever since. *Babel* is worse than *Syriana*, which was criminally stupid but relatively watchable; and it's worse than Iñárritu's own *21 Grams*, from 2003, which was tawdry and overwrought but rarely dull. It might be better than last year's Best Picture, the dreadful *Crash*, but at least the Los Angeles–set *Crash* had the decency to confine its vision of multiculturalism-as-Greek-tragedy to a single city. Iñárritu's ambitions, by contrast, send him lurching from the Mexican border to a Tokyo high-rise to the Moroccan desert for a set of stories linked only by the certainty that terrible things will happen to nearly every character for no other reason than that the script demands it. In each case, the film thinks that it has something terribly important to say about America's relationship to the rest of the planet, and particularly to Mexicans and Muslims and other people with darker skin than the two main Anglo stars, Cate Blanchett and Brad Pitt. Trust me, it doesn't.

It's rare to turn to a Clint Eastwood movie for a pick-me-up, but after *Babel*, Eastwood's *Letters from Iwo Jima*—the companion piece to last fall's *Flags of Our Fathers*, telling the same World War II story from the Japanese perspective—feels almost sunny, for all that it's shot in a palette so dark it might as well be black-and-white, takes place primarily underground, and asks audiences first to sympathize with our enemies and then to watch them suffer and die. At the very least, *Letters* is a definite improvement on *Flags*, with little of the flash-backing and -forwarding that wrecked that effort, and little of the earlier film's mawkishness as well: Making a movie about a stoical culture seems to have freed Eastwood from the twin traps of hand-wringing over the horrors of war and sentimentalizing the men who fought.

Thank God for The Queen.

Still, improvement isn't excellence, and both of Eastwood's Iwo Jima movies are textbook lessons in why so many war films tend to hew to the same form—a small band of soldiers on an easily definable mission. A broader, more chaotic canvas is truer to the reality of war, but it sacrifices both drive and characterization: Eastwood's Japanese aren't the stereotypical grunts of a thousand war movies, but they're largely ciphers, and the movie's arc doesn't arc in any particular direction. There's a lot of shooting underground in the dark, a lot of red blood against black sand, but there's almost no sense that the narrative is anything more than one damn thing after another. It may be realistic, but it isn't great art. And it's not enough to mask the bad taste that the whole "through our enemies' eyes" business leaves—not because there's anything wrong with telling the Japanese side of the story, but because it's a reminder that Hollywood still hasn't produced a single major movie celebrating the valor of our *own* soldiers in Afghanistan or Iraq.

So thank God for *The Queen*, Stephen Frears's docudrama about a bad, bad week in the life of Her Majesty Elizabeth II, which is the only one of this final four that deserves a place alongside the fifth nominee, Martin Scorsese's *The Departed* ("Crowd Pleaser," NR, Nov. 6). In different hands, a film about the moment when Princess Diana's death threatened to swamp the monarchy in a tide of grief and outrage could have been a tedious morality play, with Helen Mirren's Elizabeth learning valuable lessons about empathy and democracy from Michael Sheen's Tony Blair. But Frears is too sharp for that, and the result is a meditation on the monarchy and modern Britain that recognizes the weaknesses of a hidebound royal family but dares to admire Mirren's queen even so—and dares, as well, to be a rare political movie that leaves its own convictions ambiguous, and lets the story speak for itself. I don't think, for instance, that Frears sees Diana's funeral as *quite* so obvious an example of Britain's decline and fall as I think it was. But he leaves me free to think it, which is the mark of a confident and gifted filmmaker.

Whether all of this makes *The Queen* the *Best* Picture I'm not sure. It's deeper, in a sense, than Scorsese's crowdpleaser: a political drama rather than a gangster melodrama, a movie of ideas instead of a thriller. On the other hand, it's stagy rather than cinematic, talky rather than kinetic, with some of the mothballs of *Masterpiece Theatre* clinging to its drawing rooms and Scottish castles. If I had a vote, it would be a close-run thing, but I tend to think I'd cast my ballot for *The Departed*—knowing that it's clumsy and unfair to finally recognize Scorsese for something less than his best work, but knowing too that the Oscars never promised to be anything else. **NR**

MIRAMAX

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■ CITY DESK ■

Move On

RICHARD BROOKHISER

A MORGUE is a place where bodies are stored; a newspaper's morgue is a place where clippings are filed. Bodies lie in a morgue temporarily, awaiting burial; clippings are not buried, but slumber in their folders until the moment when someone wants to hear their stories.

The *Master's Voice* has been publishing out of a building on West 43rd Street for almost a century. During that time, different aspects of its operations have moved here and there within the structure. Most of the morgue now rests below ground, in the vast basement caverns that once held the printing presses. I was given a tour of the morgue by one of its caretakers, whom I had met at a party.

Fourteen hundred metal filing cabinets hold the morgue. Each drawer contains a double row of folders. Some are slim in their reticence, while others burst with detail. The cataloguing system is peculiar, converting the alphabet into numbers. Heaven help the file that is returned to the wrong drawer; only divine providence could find it then.

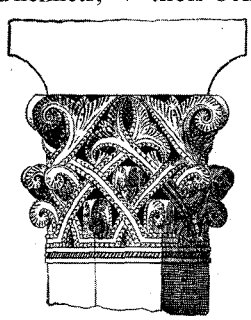
I was told that the *Master's Voice* morgue runs up to 1990, when the computer storage of information took over. So 20-year-old goatees can look up anything from the middle of the first Bush administration on. Famous older people and events have also made the transition to pixels; type in "Thomas Jefferson Papers," and up they come, everything the Library of Congress holds, in the original handwriting. Try to do that with your letter-copying machine, Mr. President. But what about the obscure? Francesco Caruso, for instance. In 1927 Caruso was a 35-year-old laborer living on Third Street in Brooklyn. One of his six children got a sore throat. A doctor diagnosed diphtheria and prescribed an injection. Nevertheless, the child died. When the doctor returned the next day, Caruso strangled him in a rage. He was sentenced to fry, but the Italian-American community rallied round. Rep. Fiorello LaGuardia got into the act; Clarence Darrow was consulted; there were calls for a retrial. All of it is told, in the jumpy day-to-dayness of clippings, some of them from *Master's Voice* ("Physician Is Slain by Crazed Father as Boy Patient Dies"), others from New York newspapers that are themselves dead and gone.

Francesco Caruso is actually a bad example of obscurity, since *Master's Voice* just ran a story on his last living descendant, which is why my guide had the file out. (Caruso was convicted of manslaughter in a second trial, served six years, and died in 1968.) But there were thousands of other files, other stories. These many crowded about me.

Italian troops in China in 1931. They look out from under odd-shaped helmets; blurry figures in the background might be Chinese. Evidently it was some international peacekeeping operation; Mussolini must have been pretending to be a good guy that year. Imagine if they had stayed: Italian/Chinese food. A wildlife expedition to British East Africa. I try to recall my days as a boy stamp collector: George VI looking at giraffes. What was British East Africa, exactly—Tanganyika? A dead lion roars; running wildebeest kick up dust 80 years ago. A file for Paul Whiteman's family. The King of Jazz of course rates his own file; here are his kin. He poses with a baby, sitting in the bell of a tuba. A young woman (perhaps the baby grown up) co-hosts a post–World War II radio show for youth, just before jazz will be swept away as thoroughly as her father already had been. The first woman borough president of Manhattan. On the reverse of the page—from a feature-length profile in a Sunday magazine—a picture of what looks like a bright red bundt cake. What women thought of when they weren't being borough presidents. What about Richard Brookhiser? Would he have generated a file? He had. My wedding announcement. Reviews of my first book. Letters to the editor that I had forgotten ever writing—the productions of a young man with more desire to express himself than things to express.

Master's Voice is moving to a new building, which is bad news for the morgue. Besides the throw-all-this-crap-in-a-dumpster mood that attends all change, there is an architectural problem. The floors of the old building are cyclopean, built to hold rolls of paper in the event of work slowdowns. But now the presses are elsewhere, and the new building will answer to the cost-cutting specifications of modernism. If you put 1,400 metal cabinets stuffed with paper on one of those floors, they would go right to the basement, without an elevator. So there will be major triage. I was told that two libraries have already skimmed the cream. Much of the rest, presumably, will go to landfill. This is the step beyond death, oblivion.

Does Paul Whiteman, or Ernesto Caruso, care? Presumably not. People with an antiquarian cast of mind care in their behalf. Should we? One of the most sobering stories I ever read is "The Mutability of Literature," by that bygone New York writer, Washington Irving. In it he tells of a conversation he had in a place much like the *Master's Voice* morgue—a small library in Westminster Abbey. He talks with an angry, ancient book, who complains of being locked up. Irving gently tells the book to calm down. No one any longer wants to read him, or any of his peers; the language has moved on.



> I consider this mutability of language a wise precaution of Providence. . . . To reason from analogy, we daily behold the varied and beautiful tribes of vegetables springing up, flourishing, adorning the fields for a short time, and then fading into dust, to make way for their successors. Were not this the case, the fecundity of nature would be a grievance instead of a blessing. The earth would groan with rank and excessive vegetation, and its surface become a tangled wilderness.

We go, and so, after a time, do our stories. Enjoy your lives, so our posterity can enjoy theirs. **NR**

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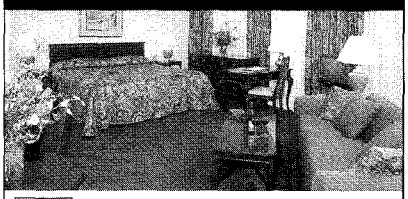

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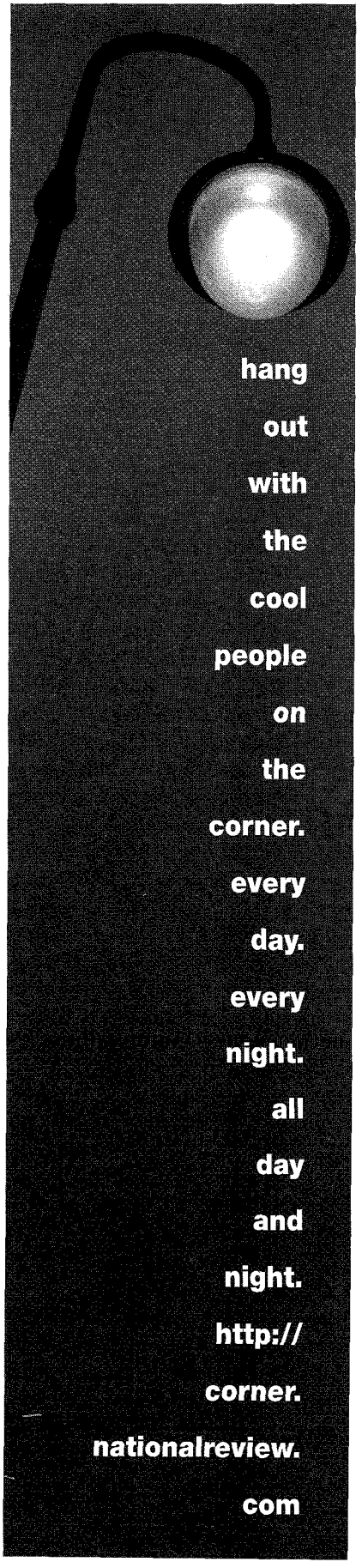

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

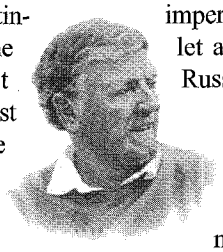
China Up There

NEW YORK, JANUARY 19

In August, President Bush approved a new U.S. policy on space exploration and on the military and commercial uses of space. The White House announced that the United States would not agree to any arrangements that would restrict our own ventures into space.

This was not surprising. We spoke as the superpower that had left behind, but not immobilized, what was once the other superpower, the Soviet Union. Russia acknowledges no bounds on its strategic intentions in space, but Russia is more worried right now about cornflakes at breakfast than about the old indulgences of superpowers.

What was important in the document, released in October, was less the announcement that we would continue energetic uses of space than the accompanying announcement that other nations' activities must be restricted. The White House affirmed that the U.S. would "dissuade or deter others from either impeding [U.S.] rights or developing capabilities intended to do so." In fact, we would "deny, if necessary, adversaries the use of space capabilities hostile to U.S. national interests."



Today's headline is that China has soared into space. What it accomplished was to reach with a land-based missile an old Chinese weather satellite and blow it to smithereens—literally: There are 300,000 bits of it cavorting in space, which will take a quarter century to clean up. And orbiting debris was one of the dangers specifically addressed in the Bush administration's new policy.

Two parts of the story attract attention. The first is that we were taken by surprise. It is embarrassing to proclaim, in October, that the U.S. will "dissuade" any power that seeks military leverage in space, and then to confront, in January, evidence that exactly what we set out to prevent has happened. Why was it beyond U.S. intelligence to foresee Chinese progress along these lines? And if it is deducible from street knowledge of Chinese ambitions, prowess, and technological savoir-faire that China was likely to develop the capability of projecting a missile 500 miles into space, why did President Bush expose himself, and the United States, to charges of arrogance, and then impotence?

There are two views of Communist China not entirely inconsistent. The first, and most popular, is that the term "Communist," vis-à-vis modern China, is as accurate as "Democratic Republic" was to describe East Germany during the Cold War. No one questions that there are Marxist theologians in the hierarchy and monks in the civil ranks and in the military. But it is practically nowhere supposed that the old Communist afflatus governs important elements of Chinese policy. China is not now a major imperialist threat to Southeast Asia, let alone a challenger to Japan or Russia.

But the question of Taiwan transcends ideological rigidities. The Communist Chinese are unswervable in their determination to reacquire Taiwan. It was not very long ago that China actually threatened military operations. And there is no doubting that but for the United States, these would have eventuated. The U.S. 7th Fleet has served as a cordon sanitaire, but it isn't only the naval arm that has kept Taiwan safe. It is actually written into U.S. policy that we will guarantee the freedom of Taiwan, so that the entire apparatus of U.S. might is committed to denying China a bloody reannexation of its lusty and prosperous former province.

In military terms, what the Chinese have established is that they intend to develop weaponry which would deny to the United States automatic dominance in space—with all that that would imply in a contest over the fate of Taiwan.

The U.S. is still far ahead of China. But the big guy on the block has lost an important advantage.

Politics for a Billion

NEW YORK, JANUARY 23

The round number is now $500 million. Five hundred million dollars is what each major party's presidential nominee is expected to spend between now and November 4, 2008. Today's story focuses on Hillary Clinton's decision not to accept public campaign financing.

The analyst explains everything about Hillary's decision except what one would be most interested in hearing. Her camp explains the competitive situation: If she lay back and accepted the federal spending plan, her spending in the primaries would be capped at $150 million. But what of the competitors? Suppose Barack Obama sailed past that figure and just kept on spending, leaving Hillary stranded with the impecuniosity she had wished on herself?

And then there is the more general picture. Eight Democrats have so far declared for the presidency, and the primacy of Hillary's standing might well depend on her being able to match or supersede the spending of lesser claimants on the White House she knows so well.

But here is the unexplored question: What's in it for the donors? They're good for $500 million in the next 22 months, which comes to three-quarters of a million dollars per day. And that's just the picture for Hillary or whoever else winds up being the Democratic nominee.

There are eight people in the race. Obviously, some of these candidates will be dropped by the donors as they fall behind in the polls. But the question persists: Who are these donors, why are they there, and what do they expect in return?

To put up a large stake on a political candidate isn't an economic transaction except in such cases as would make that investment illegal. If you contribute to a candidate who will be signing your or a competitor's state contract to replace telephone poles, you may be engaging in attempted bribery. The trick in such cases is to justify your contribution on the grounds that the political philosophy of your candidate tilts him, should he be successful in his political race, to that special concern for the national welfare which calls for a concentrated use

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of your brand of telephone pole.

It is dismaying to those who have sought so earnestly to slightly remove politics from money that the upward spiral continues. In 2000, George W. Bush spent $186 million to complete his campaign for president. In 1980, Ronald Reagan spent $29 million. What is the hypothetical high figure we are headed for? And what are the implications of campaigns of that economic cost?

Some years ago, contemplating whether to make another run for office, Jack Kemp said that his decision was finally made when he was told by his bookkeeper that he would need to raise $35,000 every day between New Year's and Election Day. He decided to quit politics.

That is the story at the other end. We need to worry about financial contributors to political races and what their effect is on people who run for office. But we need also to worry about candidates who are discouraged from attempting to serve by the bumpiness of the prospective road ahead. It is many things, going out to raise campaign money. It is boring, repetitious, humiliating, and demoralizing. There are men and women brave enough and patriotic enough to endure the preliminaries, but there are also the Jack Kemps who, after a long run of it, decide to quit.

The market has a role in it all, necessarily. If donors allocate $500 million to encourage one person's political venture, they have to see that there is something in it for them. For their country . . . sure. But disembodied political philanthropy is usually the kind that comes in the form of $20 bills sent to the candidate. Five-thousand-dollar donations usually have in mind the matter of new telephone poles.

Howard Hunt, R.I.P.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 26

My name has been linked to that of Howard Hunt, who died on January 23, and I readily acknowledge that we were associates and close friends during the period (1951–52) when I worked for the CIA in Mexico. Howard Hunt was my boss, and our friendship was such that soon after I quit the agency and returned to Connecticut, he and his wife advised me that they were joining the Catholic Church and asked if I would serve as godfather to their two daughters, which assignment I gladly accepted, continuing in close touch with them.

Not so with their father. Howard Hunt had a sensational career, including 33 months in federal prison on charges of conspiracy, wiretapping, and burglary. After leaving prison, he asked me to recommend presidential clemency, which would have had the effect of clearing his name. I told him I was reluctant to do this because in fact he had been involved in conspiracy, wiretapping, and burglary, but I was careful to say that the reason he committed these crimes was that he thought himself engaging in public service by protecting the interests of President Nixon.

He was terribly mistaken there, and in fact he was more responsible than any single other human being for bringing about Nixon's resignation. Because it was Hunt who organized the Watergate break-in, seeking to advance the partisan cause of Nixon in 1972. He had at the time already committed a crime by breaking into the offices of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, on a mission probably authorized by Nixon's attorney general, John Mitchell.

Hunt came to see me, with one of my goddaughters, shortly after his devoted wife was killed in a plane crash. He recounted the story of Watergate, giving me information not known to the press or even to the prosecution. Notwithstanding his plight, he wore a jaunty sports coat and, pipe in hand, reported that, soon after his arrest, "I said to myself, 'Where's the fix? Why didn't they fix me up?'"

It was a genuinely appealing professional query. Hunt had lived outside the law in the service first of his country, subsequently of President Nixon. The way things had worked for him, in Mexico, in Uruguay, in Japan, was the way he expected them to work now. You break the law in pursuit of your country's interest as prescribed by your superior or by your cognitive intelligence of political reality. You get caught; and, if feasible, your government looks after you. If it's bail that's needed, it materializes. If it's looking after your widow and children, that is done. If you are in Washington, D.C., having committed a crime on the authority of the attorney general or the president, why—Howard Hunt was saying—somebody . . . does something. And the charge against you for trespass, or burglary, or whatever, washes away.

But Hunt didn't understand that political realities at the highest level transcend the working realities of spy-life. He ended up in prison, a widower with some of his children on drugs, and bankrupt. I got him a fine volunteer lawyer.

I remember with sad amusement an earlier experience of Hunt's with the law, this time involving his novels. Allen Dulles, then head of CIA, called him in one day and said, Howard, I know the rules are that this office has to clear all manuscripts by our agents. But you write so many, you're wearing us out. So go ahead and publish your books without our clearance, but use a pseudonym.

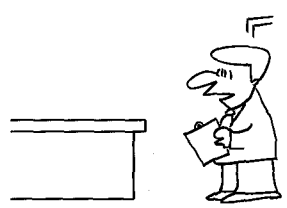
Hunt handed me his latest book, *Catch Me in Zanzibar*, by Gordon Davis. I leafed through it and found printed on the last page, "You have just finished another novel by Howard Hunt." I thought this hilarious. So did Howard. The reaction of Allen Dulles is not recorded.

We visited once or twice after his remarriage, but estrangement crept in. A year ago he asked me, through an intermediary, to write the introduction to his memoirs. I read them with great misgivings. There was material there that suggested transgressions of the highest order, including a hint that LBJ might have had a hand in the plot to assassinate President Kennedy. The manuscript was clearly ghostwritten.

I declined to write the introduction. But when the manuscript was resubmitted to me, with the loony grassy-knoll bits chiseled out, I said okay, but wrote an introduction restricted to describing our early friendship in Mexico. The book will be published by John Wiley in March.

This former colleague here registers his old affection and admiration for a civil servant who ran into bad luck and lost his judgment, but who sought to serve his country and look after his children.

—Universal Press Syndicate



"About your immigration-reform program, Mr. President—I'm not sure turnstiles will be enough."

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happy warrior

MARK STEYN

Life Is Not a Bumper Sticker

I HAVE the most professional publishers I've ever had. Regnery, that is. They're in the business of shifting product in large quantity, and to that end they've had me staggering from one radio or TV interview to another for months on end, plugging my book on the dangerously enfeebled state of Western civilization. Mostly to the usual suspects, I have to admit: Fox, right-wing talk radio, and so on. But a few weeks ago I suggested to my publicist that, much as I enjoyed taking calls that began, "Your book is the best book I've read in my entire adult life," I wouldn't mind doing a few shows from the other side, down the NPR-PBS end of things.

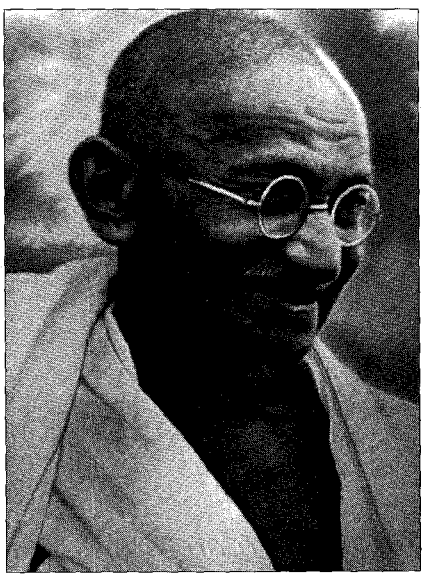
My publicist pursed her lips. "We could book you on those shows," she said. "But I'm not sure it's a good idea."

"Don't worry, I can handle it," I insisted. "It'll keep me sharp, on my toes, thinking on my feet, responding vigorously to hostile questioning."

"I didn't mean that," she said. "I meant going on those shows doesn't sell a lot of books." As she sees it, your nutso right-wing author does ten minutes on WZZZ Hate-Talk AM at three in the morning and the local Borders sells out the next day. Whereas he's interviewed for an hour by Terry Gross on NPR and it sends precisely two listeners out to their bookstore, and only to buy that Andrew Sullivan doorstopper on everything that's gone wrong with conservatism.

"It's not about sales," I protested. "What profiteth it a man if he maketh a gazillion bucks but loseth hith entire thivilithathion?" As she wiped the Niagara of saliva off her face, I explained that we can't keep preaching to the choir, we've got to try to persuade folks of the merits of the case, etc. Well, she promised to do her best, and so I've found myself taking the first tentative steps into the hostile territory of various public-radio shows.

And a bit dispiriting it is, too. I don't mind the conspiracy guys and the all-about-oil obsessives. That's all good fun. But what befuddles me are the callers who aren't foaming and partisan but speak in almost eerily calm voices, like patient kindergarten teachers, and say things like "I find it very offensive that your guest can use language that's so hierarchical"—i.e., repressive Muslim dictatorships are worse than pluralist Western democracies—and "We are confronting violence with violence, when what we need is nonviolent conflict resolution that's binding on all sides"—i.e. . . . well, i.e., whatever.



Fortunate in his enemies

Half the time these assertions are such enervated soft-focus blurs of passivity, there's nothing solid enough to latch on to and respond to. But when, as they often do, they cite Martin Luther King or Mahatma Gandhi, I point out that we're not always so fortunate as to find ourselves up against such relatively benign enemies as British imperial administrators or even American racist rednecks. King and Gandhi's strategies would not have been effective against fellows who gun down classrooms of Russian schoolchildren, or self-detonate at Muslim weddings in Amman, or behead you live on camera and then release it as a snuff video, or assassinate politicians and as they're dying fall to the ground and drink their blood off the marble. Come to that, King and Gandhi's strategies would not have been effective against the prominent British Muslim who in a recent debate at Trinity College, Dublin, announced that the Prophet Muhammad's message to infidels was "I come to slaughter all of you." Good luck with the binding nonviolent conflict resolution there.

And at that point there's usually a pause and the caller says something like "Well, that's all the more reason why we need to be even more committed to nonviolence." Or as a lady named Kay put it: "We have a lot of work to do then so that some day a long way down the road they won't want to slaughter us."

There may, indeed, come a day when they won't want to slaughter us, but it may be because by that day there's none of us left to slaughter. She had just told me that "we're all in this together. I don't care if you're Jewish, Christian, Muslim, Buddhist." Good for you. Unfortunately, they *do* care. In Gaza, in Sudan, in Kashmir, in southern Thailand, they care very much. But the great advantage of cultural relativism is that it absolves you of the need to know anything. For if everything's of equal value, why bother learning about any of the differences?

On the whole I prefer those Americans who tune out the foreign-policy bores for wall-to-wall Anna Nicole Smith coverage: At least they've got an interest—ask them about the latest scoop on the identity of the father of her child and they'll bring you up to speed. By contrast, a large number of elite Americans are just as parochial and indifferent to the currents of the age; the only difference is that they choose to trumpet it as a moral virtue. And you can't avoid the suspicion that, far from having "a lot of work to do," a lot of us are heavily invested in a belief in "pacifism" because it involves doing no work at all—apart from bending down once every couple of years and slapping the "CO-EXIST" bumper sticker on your new car.

Or as I said somewhat tetchily to one caller, "Life isn't a bumper sticker." Which, come to think of it, would make rather a good bumper sticker. **NR**

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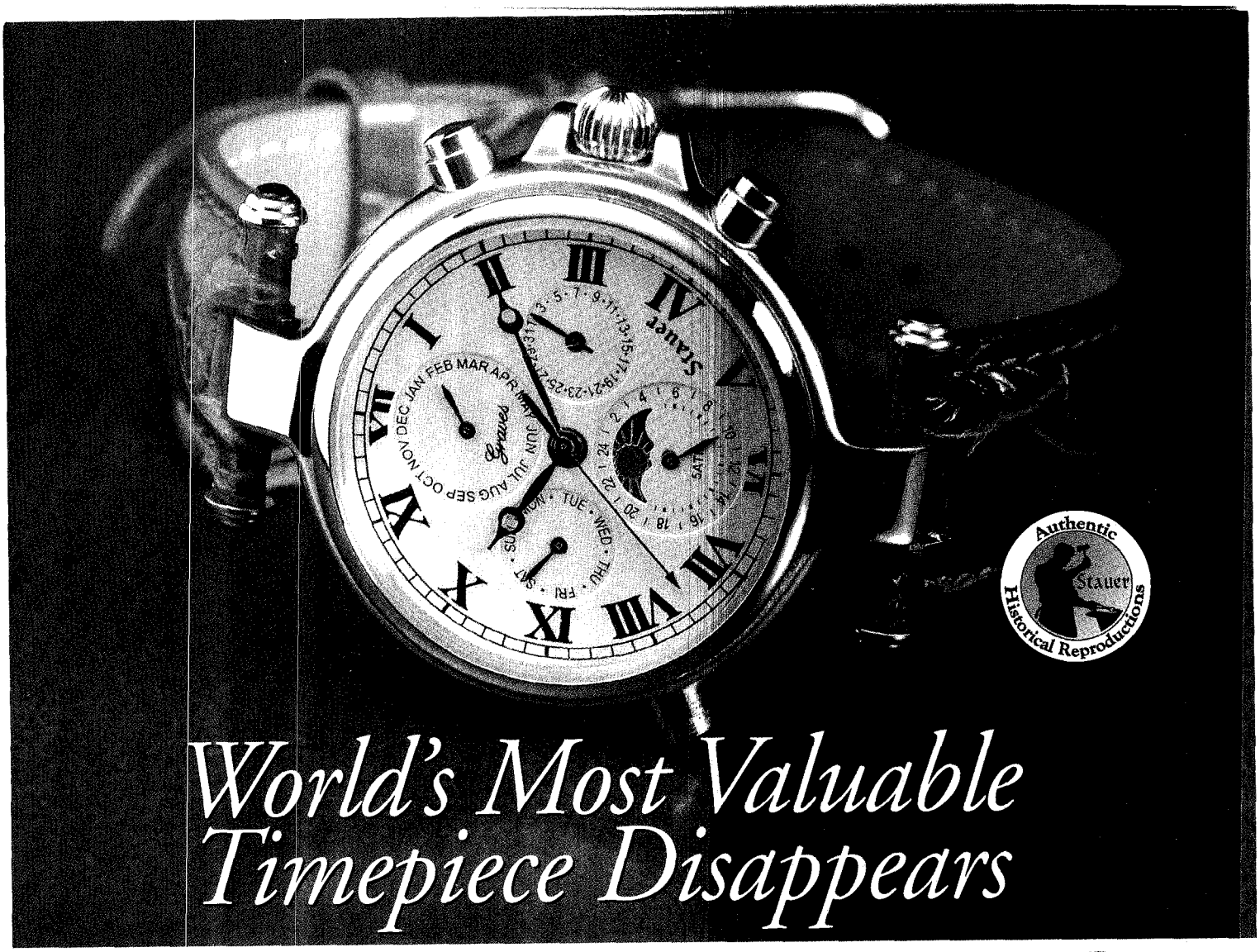

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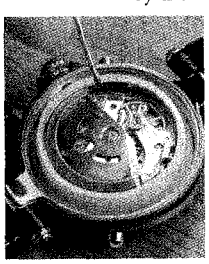

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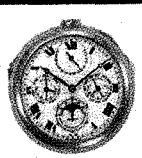

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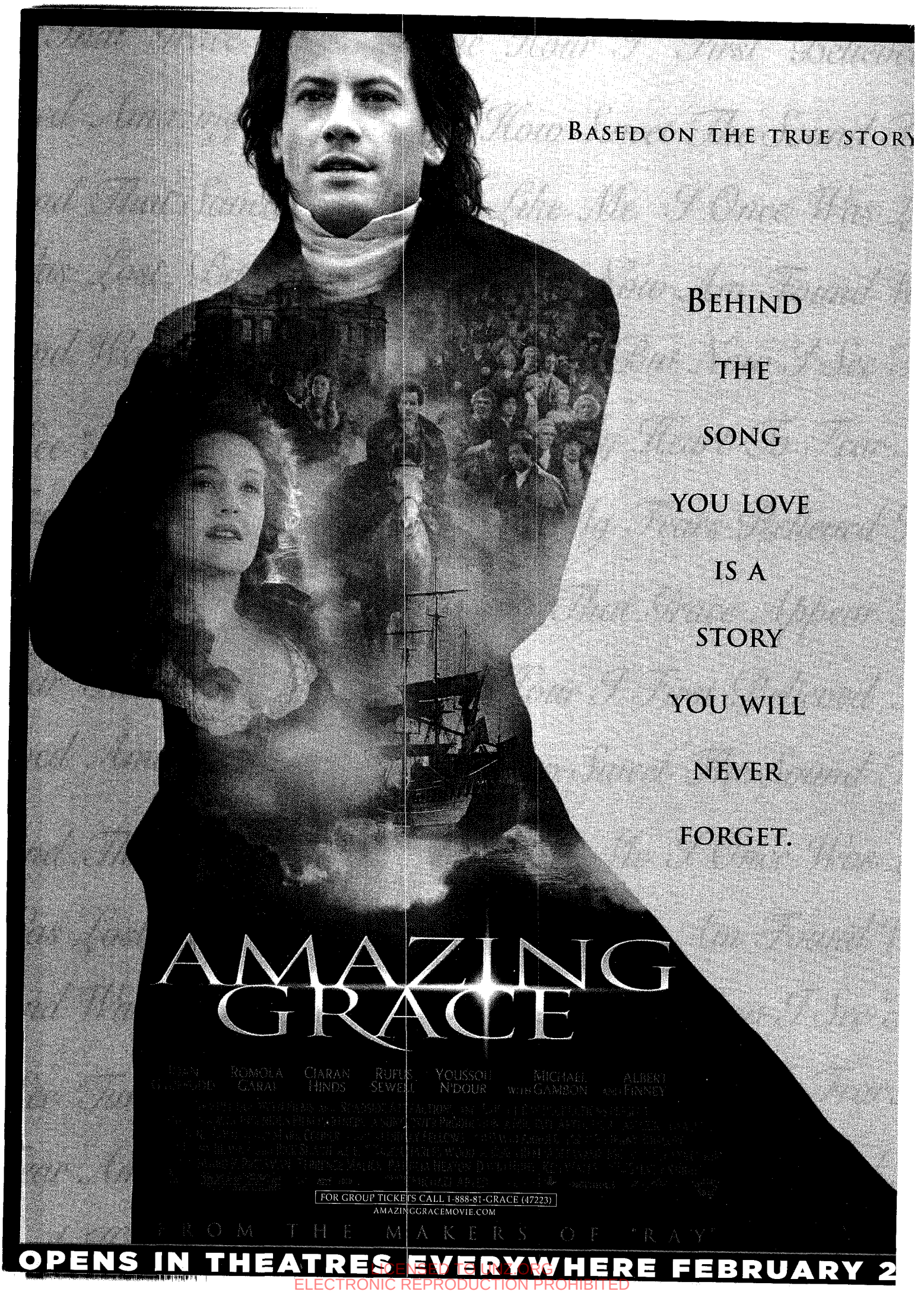

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